

Have You Seen  
My Magazine?

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 22

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 1½d.

## KITCHENER'S GREAT WORK CROWNED

### TRAITOR OF LILLE SILENT WITNESS BRINGS HIS DOOM

Dramatic Story of a Letter  
to the Kaiser

### BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT

There never was war without its traitors, and recent trials in France show that our Ally in her agony had perfidy as well as peril to combat. A very dramatic story has been told in one of these trials.

A Frenchman named Michael, who will go down to history as the Traitor of Lille, was secretly in the pay of the Germans during a long period of the war. He sold his countrymen for gold, sold them to death at the cruel hands of the Germans.

He denounced scores of his fellows, this miserable man, and then Fate turned upon him, for he was treated by his German associates with the contempt and ignominy that such spies and recreants deserve. They cast him into prison, perhaps because they thought such a creature too dangerous to be at large.

#### The Warder Takes a Holiday

He was thrown into gaol, and while a captive he had the audacity to write a personal letter to the Kaiser, recounting the things he had done against his countrymen for the benefit of the German Army, and claiming his liberty as a reward. Then there happened a most dramatic thing.

On the very day that this man wrote his letter to the Kaiser, and handed it out to be despatched, the German warder in charge of him took a holiday, and left a Belgian prisoner in charge of his post. It was this Belgian who received the traitor's letter, and, instead of forwarding it, he read it and hid it; and as soon as he could do so he passed it on to one of the other prisoners. This second prisoner happened to be a bookbinder, who at the time was engaged in making new covers for a book belonging to a fellow captive.

#### The Hidden Witness

The bookbinder read the missive, and, furious with anger that a countryman could be so base, he popped it between the cover and the linen of the new binding of his book. He told the owner of the book what he had done and the day came when the owner was released. He took the volume out of prison with him, carried it to the French authorities, and produced the letter.

The traitor was arrested when the French entered Lille, and he has now been tried. Vehemently he protested his innocence, but all his vehemence was in vain. His letter to the Kaiser was there before the court, boasting of the lives he had betrayed. The Red Kaiser awaits his trial; this miserable creature who helped him in his infamies has been condemned to die.

### Three Wise Men from Sudan



Three of the Sudan nobles who brought to London the "loyalty, love, and pride" of the Sudanese for the British flag, so crowning the work of Lord Kitchener. See page 8

### COMMANDER WHO DIED FOR HIS FRIEND

Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend.

In the war two men were clinging to the wreckage of a boat, and one was a Salvationist. There was not room for both to remain in safety, and the Salvationist said to his friend: "One of us must go. I am ready to die and you are not." Then he slipped off.

Now there comes another story of this kind—a story of the heroism of peace. The greatest height human nature can reach is in laying down life willingly for others, and in that spirit of sublime nobility there has just passed

from the world Commander Douglas, Conservator of the Port of Madras.

When sailing in the harbour of that port with a friend his yacht overturned in a squall, and the commander, turning to his companion, who, with two natives and himself, clung to the upturned boat, said: "Look here, old chap, this boat will not support us all, and you're a married man. There is only one thing for it." Then he dropped off.

His companions were rescued, but the commander could not be found. It is such quiet heroism as his that nourishes in the human spirit all that is good.

### BRAVE MAN'S LAST ADVENTURE

WALKING INTO A ROOM  
TO DIERemarkable Fate of a British  
General

#### CIGARETTE & EXPLOSION

The British Army has lost a gallant officer under circumstances which no writer of fiction would have dared to invent, if for no other reason than that no writer of fiction would have thought such a thing possible.

The officer is General Harry Macandrew, Commander of the Fifth Division, stationed at Aleppo, and his death has come through a startling misadventure. His tunic, having been cleaned with petrol, was hung up in a room to dry, and the general walked into the room smoking a cigarette. Instantly there was a flash, a flame, an explosion; the general was enveloped in flames, and in a week he was dead.

#### Good Servant and Furious Master

Here was a man who had braved the horrors and perils of war to die from a flicker of spark and a whiff of gas.

Petrol, as soon as it is exposed to the air, changes into gas. It rises into the air as vapour rises from water, but whereas vapour from other fluids is non-inflammable, petrol gas is highly explosive. It is this quality which makes it so good a servant, yet so furious a master. When petrol is drawn from the mixing chamber of a carburettor into the cylinder of a motor-car it becomes gas, and is ignited at the proper moment by an electric spark leaping across the gap of a sparking-plug fixed in the cylinder.

There is an instant explosion, and it is this explosion which supplies the force for thrusting down the piston and turning the wheels. But in the case of a motor-car the explosion is captured and controlled; in a case like this it is open, and has, as we see, the direst and most frightful effects.

#### Danger of Petrol

Petrol is used as a cleansing spirit by people who know nothing of its terrible properties. Not long ago a woman was burnt to death through holding over the naked flame of a gas-jet a pair of gloves she had treated with petrol, and there was the case of a motorist who had motored across Europe and Asia and back to London in perfect safety, only to set fire to his car by holding a lighted match near his petrol tank, with the result that he was burned to death.

But we wonder if there has ever before been a case like this, in which fire, without flame, ignited petrol gas. E. A. B.

#### £1000 SCHEME

The large number of applications for the £1000 offered by the Children's Newspaper for bright boys and girls are now being considered. The Editor hopes to make an announcement next week.



## DUMB FRIEND OF THE PITS

### PONY'S LIFE OF DARKNESS

#### Strike Brings Sunshine for Little Sheltie

#### THE PEDLAR'S ADVENTURE

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and though the coal strikes meant ruinous loss to our industries and misery in thousands of homes, they brought a holiday to the pit ponies.

For, although we seldom think of it, we still depend very largely upon horse-power for haulage in the mines. Thousands of small horses and ponies are daily dragging loaded waggons from the coal face to the bottom of the shaft. Most of the larger ponies came from Russia; the smaller ones, necessary where roadways are low, are Shetlands—of that jolly race of ponies used by children, though these become slaves of the dark and hot depths of our mines.

#### Twenty Years of Darkness

Some of these ponies have been from twenty to thirty years down the pits, and some have been brought to the surface during the strikes for the first time since they began their subterranean existence years ago. None come up more than once a year; many that have now been making holiday in the fields in the glorious light of the sun, had not tasted grass since thousands of our readers were born.

The poor creatures have recently been revelling in the green pastures and natural light, like slum children taken for their first trip to the country. The condition of the ponies generally is good, for they are well tended in the mines.

Kindness pays, for the better a pony is treated the better it works, and the more money the miners can earn with it. Years ago there was a bad explosion in the Tawd Valley mine in Lancashire, and a brave man, who had been helping to rescue imprisoned boys, was overcome by fumes.

#### The Familiar Voice

He fell, but before he lost consciousness he heard a clatter of little hoofs, and up came a Shetland pony, one he had befriended. He called to it, and the Shetland, recognising his voice, scrambled over the coal and rubbish, backed up to him as if he had been a waggon, and stood there. The man clutched at its tail and harness.

"Goo on, little mon," he cried.

Sheltie, tugging hard, dragged him to the foot of the shaft, where both were hauled up to safety. At the pit-head the man met his employer.

"I've nivvur gooin' doon th' pit no' moor, gaffer," he said.

"No, my lad, you shan't," replied the kind-hearted man. "You shall have a little pension for the rest of your days, and you shall have the pony that saved your life."

And he did. Perhaps he is still alive. He was well known in the Skelmersdale district—the brave miner turned green-grocer, driving the jolliest Shetland pony in all the countryside.

#### ESCAPE OF AN AIRSHIP

It is quite clear that it will be a tremendous business to hold in airships during storms. A thunderstorm has wrecked most of the hangars and other buildings about the New York aerodrome where R 34 was housed.

Three giant aeroplanes were destroyed, including one that was to have started that same day to cross the continent to the Pacific, and a great Handley Page, weighing 11 tons, with thirty men grasping at the ropes to hold it down, was swept into the air, to crash down at a distance as a heap of wreckage.

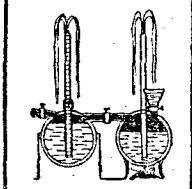
## PICTURE-HISTORY OF THE STEAM ENGINE



Hero of Alexandria invented the aeolipile, a pivoted sphere, with two bent pipe outlets. This was supplied with steam through one of the pivots, and when the steam escaped through the pipes the sphere revolved. About 120 B.C.



Giovanni Branca, an Italian of Loretto, designed an engine in which jets of steam from a boiler played upon a vane wheel, and turned it so as to drive machinery. 1629



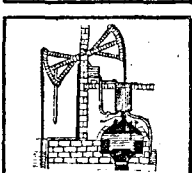
The Marquis of Worcester proposed the first really useful engine. It had a pair of chambers, from each of which in turn water was forced to a height by steam. 1663



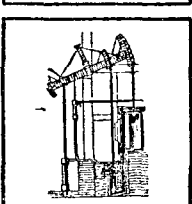
Thomas Savery, an English military engineer, patented and constructed the first engine in which steam was actually used for pumping water. 1698



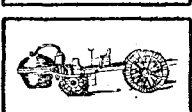
Denis Papin, a French scientist, designed the first cylinder and piston engine, which he proposed to use for turning a water wheel. 1705



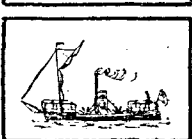
Thomas Newcomen, a Dartmouth ironmonger, invented the atmospheric steam engine, which came into fairly general use for pumping at mines. 1705



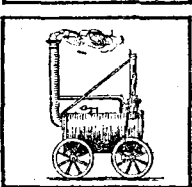
James Watt, the real creator of the steam engine that has transformed the modern world, patented a really effective engine. The steam was condensed in a separate vessel, and so saved heat and fuel. 1769



Nicholas Cugnot, a French Army officer, built the first actual steam carriage to work on the road. A second one constructed in the following year is still preserved. 1769



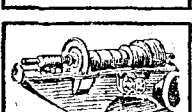
William Symington, with Patrick Miller, built the first real steam boat, which travelled at five miles an hour on a lake. 1788



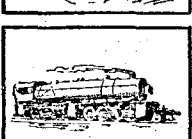
Richard Trevithick made the first locomotive with smooth wheels to run on rails, and haul a train of wagons. 1804



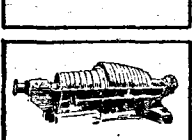
George Stephenson's "Rocket" ran at 30 miles an hour, and beat all other engines in a competition. This was the real beginning of modern railways. 1829



The Hon. Charles A. Parsons patented the first practicable steam turbine in which the steam acted directly on vanes mounted on a drum or spindle attached to the shaft that was to be revolved. Much steam power was thus saved. 1884



The most powerful locomotive of today, weighing more than 400 tons, and pulling a great load at a speed of a mile a minute. 1919



A great modern steam turbine engine that drives a 40,000 ton liner across the Atlantic at 24 knots. 1919

## BUTTERFLY'S TRICKS

### Armour Plate Attack on Ants

### HOW IT ESCAPES FROM ITS FOES

Mr. F. P. Dodd, a naturalist of Kuranda, in Queensland, has given to the world an account of his studies in the life-history of a wonderful butterfly.

When in the caterpillar stage it is not like other larvae, with a soft skin, but has a very hard shell-like covering, and with this protection it goes boldly into the haunts of the green tree-ant and devours the larvae of that insect. They are powerless against the attacks of so formidable an assailant, for the butterfly is very much in the position of a British tank corps. He is covered with armour plate, impenetrable to the tree-ant.

But the wonder of the liphya butterfly, as it is called, does not stop here. When it emerges from its larva stage and becomes a butterfly, it might be expected to be vulnerable to its foes, and the green tree-ant might well practise reprisals. As a matter of fact, the ant does so, but the butterfly is equal to the emergency. Its inventions department must be well organised and developed. Its body is covered with white, sticky scales, and when the tree-ant makes its attack it is soon covered in the same way as the tiger in India when the villagers spread leaves covered with birdlime. The ants are covered and blinded, and when, after frantic efforts, they manage to clear themselves the wily liphya has escaped.

## BOAT TO FLY THROUGH AFRICA

### Opening Up Wild Places

The Royal Air Force is about to send the last and largest of the great flying boats developed at Felixstowe on a flight from Egypt to the Cape. The big machine will travel by stages up the Nile to the chain of the Great Lakes, then jump to the Zambesi River, and continue to the Cape.

There are eight rivers in the world more than 4000 miles long, and along them flying boats will play an important part in developing traffic. Cataracts and waterfalls that hinder steamers on some great rivers will be no obstacles to flying boats.

It is highly probable that the rapid development of the central regions of Africa between the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi rivers, will be brought about by flying machines. Although aircraft may never be able to carry common cargo at a low cost, it will bring men, letters, and small costly articles to the wild places of the earth.

## A BANK BY PARCELS POST

### What a Builder Did

The Americans can usually find a way of doing anything they set their minds on.

The town of Vernal, in Utah, 381 miles from Salt Lake City, wanted a bank, but no bricks were made there, and as the cost of transit was so heavy the builders arranged that the bricks should be sent in packages by parcel post from Salt Lake City. Each brick to conform to the Post Office rules was wrapped in paper, and nine bricks made up a package below the weight the post was allowed to carry.

In this way enough bricks were sent by post to build the bank, and the cost of delivery from the brickmakers was less than half of what it would have been in an ordinary way by rail and road. The Government, however, lost money by this extraordinary transaction, and had to pay more for the carriage by waggon from the railway to Vernal than the total price of postage. They have made new regulations, so that this experiment cannot be repeated, but in the meantime the bank has been built. See back page

## ANOTHER KING GOES DOWN

### King Frost Shattered by a Battleship

### BOMBARDMENT OF ICEBERGS

Another king has gone down before the power of the British Fleet. He is King Frost, monarch of the winter.

We read the other day of water standing upright; this is water towering into the air and floating deep in the sea—as icebergs.

As our world-map shows, icebergs in mid-July come thundering down the northern coast and block channels leading to the harbour of St. John's, in Newfoundland, putting a stop to the fishing. Huge floating islands of ice, which have been years in building, snow pressed hard and converted into ice through winter after winter, thrust forward to the coast, little by little, year by year, at last become part of the icy coastline, and are finally broken off from the land and set adrift in the sea. That is the way icebergs form and launch themselves.

Lately these great bergs have blocked the industry of the fishermen of Newfoundland, and there were no ordinary means of removing them. They were later in the season than usual and the damage was serious, for channels were utterly blocked, so that the fishermen could not work. So the Governor of our ancient colony called on the Navy, and H.M.S. Cumberland went to war with King Frost and, with her mighty guns, blew his ice-clads to pieces. The guns of war forced open the gates of peaceful industry; the hills of water were shattered in the ocean depths.

## THE SNAKE ON THE ROAD

### Backwood Scene in Our Countryside

### TRAGIC WALK IN SURREY

Here is something that would not be thought possible if it appeared in a novel, an adventure with a snake on High Reigate Hill, in Surrey. A local resident, Mr. Arthur Page, as he was walking up the hill, trod on something slippery, stumbled, and fell to the ground. It was an adder that had upset him.

As he fell, the snake darted upon his wrist, coiled round it, and inflicted two severe bites. The shock and horror of it all, added to the adder's poison, were almost fatal, and the victim was in a very serious condition when the police found him lying where he had fallen. Happily, however, the hospital treatment was in time to save him.

But what a scene for an English countryside! We look for such things in the track of a camel caravan, or in the jungles and backwoods, but it is startling to find them in our English lanes.

The swift action of the poison recalls a fearful scene from Livingstone's travels, where a snake, hanging head downwards from a tree, bit and killed two native women of his party. But that snake was worse than our English adder, more deadly and persistent. Livingstone's train had evidently broken in upon the regular beat of this monster, for weeks later he was found hanging in the same position from the same tree, ready to strike dead the next human being who should venture along that bridle-path. Our English adder, the only poisonous snake we have, is less persistent, and slithers away from the scene of its ill-doing as fast as may be.

#### NELSON'S LOG BOOK

The log book of Nelson's famous flag-ship, Victory, lately sold for £5000, has now been presented to the British Museum, where we shall all be able to see it.

The log-book contains the ship's official account of the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.



## THE SNAKE'S POISON

### A REAL CURE AT LAST

Fighting the Cobra with Its Own Venom

#### SERPENTS KEPT TO SAVE LIFE

Life in the East is so multitudinous that when disaster comes human beings are swept to death by millions, and even in normal conditions the death-rate is high, and the yearly death-roll caused by wild animals in such a country as India is astonishing.

The greatest offenders are snakes, which kill on an average over 20,000 people every year, in addition to numberless animals. Cures for snake-bite have been sought for ages, and many impostures have been foisted on the credulous native. But at last a real cure has been discovered, and the cure for snake poison is—snake poison!

#### 300 Sorts of Snakes

Only a partial success is claimed for this cure, and for this reason. Of the 300 species of snakes found in India 68 are poisonous, and all the poisons vary. It is impossible to obtain specific cures for all classes of bites, or to apply them if available, because it is not always certain which snake has inflicted the wound. But the most deadly snakes of all—the cobra and the Russell viper—have been vanquished.

The snake's poison is transmitted by means of hollow fangs. These lie flat in the closed mouth, but as the mouth is opened they become erect. The moment they bite they squeeze sacs which they communicate with in the gum, so that a bite automatically causes poison to flow down the hollow teeth into the victim's flesh. The poison is frightfully swift in action; but with quick treatment a cure is possible.

#### Regular Supply of Poison

Cobras and Russell vipers are caught and released in a place of safety, where a lithe and agile native, by means of a forked stick, can pin down a snake's head while he holds the tail with his naked foot. Then the snake is tempted with a small glass across which a thin piece of cloth is stretched.

The reptile bites at the cloth, its teeth pass through it, and its poison drops into the glass. With the Russell vipers, which have large fangs, it is customary to let them bite on a shallow glass dish, which is held under the teeth to catch the poison. To obtain a regular supply of the poison, snakes are kept in captivity and artificially fed, and are periodically lured into yielding up their dread possession.

#### Method of Treatment

The poison is then dried, mixed with water, and injected into animals. The patient bears a small dose, then a larger dose, then a larger dose still, until finally it becomes utterly indifferent to the poison. After that, the blood is painlessly withdrawn from the animal, and from its blood a serum arises which contains the antitoxin desired. That, introduced into the veins of a person suffering from the bite of either of these snakes, is an unfailing cure.

But the poison can only be counteracted by a serum made from the same poison—that is, from the poison of the same sort of snake. It is on the principle that by getting used to a thing slowly or in tiny doses we become immune to it; we form the habit of throwing it off.

This process of curing snake-bite is being copied in Brazil; and we are able to give some pictures on this page from one of the institutions existing there to combat this grave danger.

#### RICH PEOPLE AND OTHERS

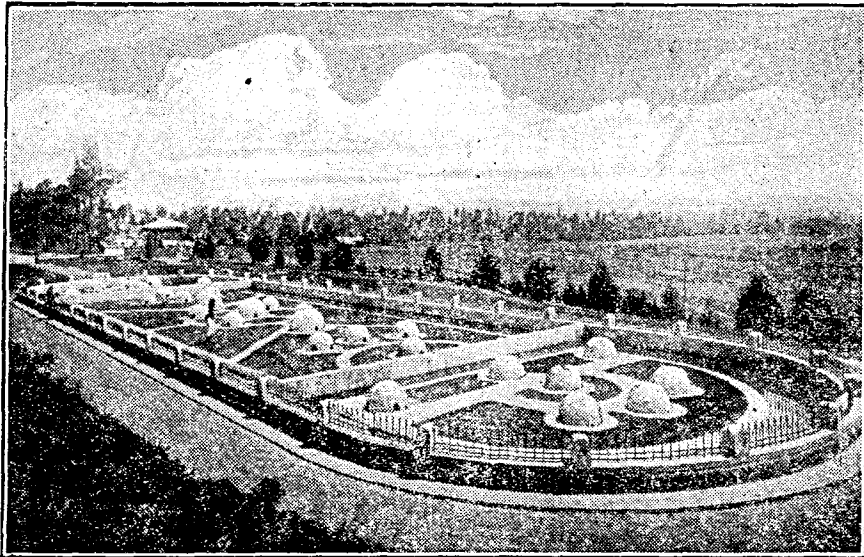
There are 148 taxpayers in Britain with incomes of over £100,000 a year.

There are 59,100 taxpayers with between £2500 and £100,000 a year.

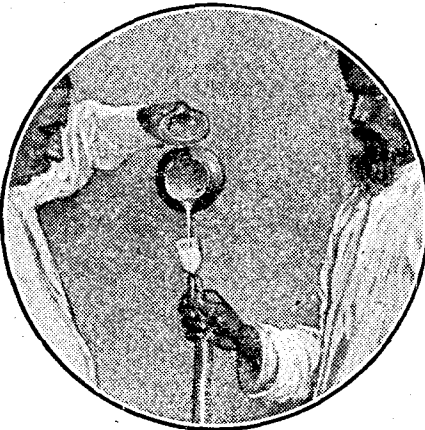
There are over 5,000,000 people with incomes between £130 and £2500 a year.

## TAKING THE POISON FROM THE COBRA

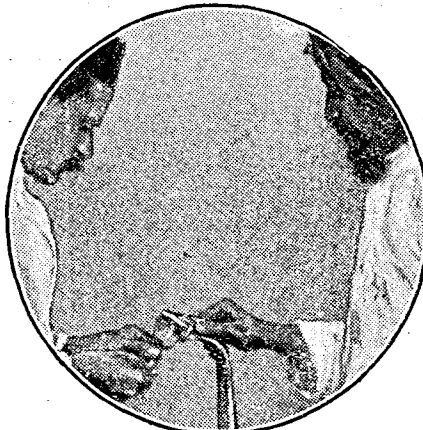
Remarkable Experiments with Snakes and How They Have Succeeded



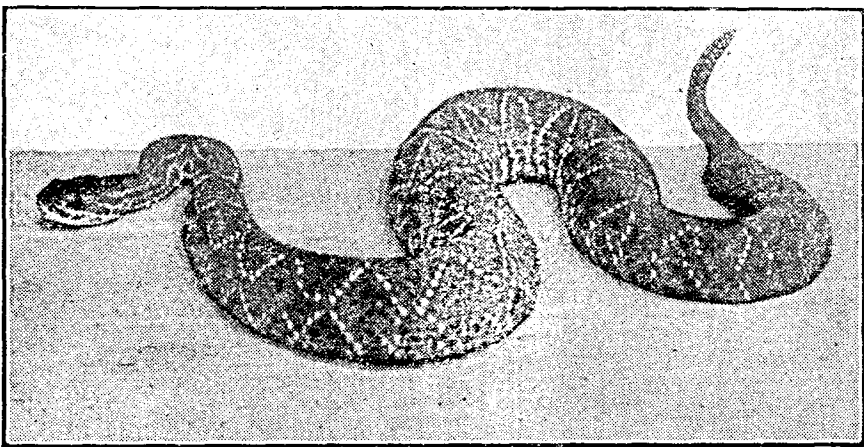
The Serpent Garden at Butantan, in Brazil, where snakes are kept for the purpose of obtaining poison with which to cure snake-bite



Feeding a cobra with egg and milk in a laboratory in India



Extracting poison from a cobra for the cure of snake-bite in India



A rattlesnake of the Serpent Garden at Butantan, where the snakes are kept in the houses shown in the photograph above



Extracting the poison from a Brazilian serpent



Catching a cobra. See story on this page

THE SNAKE'S BITE CAN NOW BE CURED BY THE POISON OF THE SNAKE ITSELF, AND SNAKES ARE KEPT FOR THIS PURPOSE IN A GARDEN IN BRAZIL

## MANCHESTER BUYS A GREAT LAKE

To Quench Its Thirst in Future Years

Manchester has bought another lake to quench its thirst in future years.

The English Lake District lies in two high, straggly-shaped parts, with a long, fairly level hollow running from south to north between the two masses. In this central hollow lies Thirlmere, the first large lake acquired by Manchester to help to supply its water system.

Now the city foresees that in fifteen years its water supply will not be sufficient. It has therefore bought Hawes Water, a beautiful lake seventy miles away, in a remote part of the eastern mountain mass, and it counts on spending ten million pounds to bring this water to Manchester and other Lancashire towns.

Hawes Water lies in the lower part of a fine valley called Mardale, that runs up to a dead-end under overhanging hills, over which climbs in zig-zags one of the loftiest Lakeland passes.

## SAVING THE SECONDS

### Value of Trifles in a Workshop

Everywhere industries are seeking to work under more efficient conditions, and a very slight increase in efficiency means an immense benefit in a great workshop.

Some time ago, in a large engineering works, an expert discovered that by speeding up a certain machine a second and a half could be saved. The head of the works happened to pass the machine when the matter was being discussed, and, hearing what was going on, said:

"Is that all? Can't you find something better to do than to waste time over such trifles?"

It was then explained to him that, taking all the machines in the factory, the saving would mean no less than 20,000 hours a year, and the money saving would pay the whole cost of a whole department.

### SHALL WE EAT PARAFFIN?

There is still a world shortage of fat, which is wanted for making margarine, lard, and soap; and chemists all over the world are trying to find fresh sources of supply.

Whale fat is now being used for making margarine and lard in Denmark and Norway. Vegetable fats are used on an enormous scale. But until quite recently no one could make fat from mineral oils, such as paraffin, though the problem has been tried for years.

Even this has at last been accomplished, however. Paraffin is placed in iron boilers, and a swift current of air is passed through it while it is hot, for two or three weeks. The paraffin gradually turns to a paste, which is boiled with soda to produce soap. The inventor of this new process hopes to convert paraffin into margarine.

### ONE KIND OF ENGLISH

English as it is talked by some Englishmen was illustrated by a London carman's explanation of how he came to be arrested.

This is what he said: "I was standing on the pavement when someone whistled. I looked up and saw the platty; then I greased."

This is what he meant: "I was standing on the pavement when someone whistled. I looked up and saw a policeman; then I ran."

### STONE FURNITURE

Household furniture made of stone seems rather like going back to the Stone Age. Yet large quantities of furniture are being made of a mixture of concrete with sawdust, often "reinforced" with steel in order to hold it together. The material can be grained and coloured in order to make it look like oak or mahogany, and nails and screws can be put into it as easily as into wood.



## SHEPHERD RACE OF RUMANIA

### Simple People Who Made a Nation

#### LIFE IN A BALKAN STATE

By Our International Correspondent

To understand the Rumanian people we must recollect that for a thousand years they were a race of shepherds, and that they have not long been anything else. This accounts for their simple minds and manners, for their love of poetry and legend, for their good looks.

Even now few real Rumanians live in towns. We cannot get any idea of the spirit of the real Rumania in Bucharest, the capital, or in Jassy, Galatz, Braila, or Constanza, the chief cities of the eastern part of the country. Craiova is the one town of any size which is more truly Rumanian, and that is in the region called Wallachia, the more westerly part.

In Transylvania, which has now passed from Austria-Hungary to Rumania, are also the genuine Rumanians.

They are of a serious and tenacious character. It is more than probable that they will have the dominant influence in the governing of the New Rumania with its ten million inhabitants. They will not be inclined to endure the corruption, slackness, and antiquated methods of the officials and politicians at Bucharest.

#### Trying to be Like Paris

If we were to judge the country from what we see at Bucharest, we should say it must be in a bad state. The city is given up mainly to pleasure. The Rumanians who have money and position try to make it a little Paris, but few of these are of Rumanian ancestry.

They are a mixed race. They have no tradition of public service. They have little self-respect. Most of them have been educated either in France or in Germany, and talk French in preference to Rumanian. They are almost like foreigners in their own country. The country people neither like them nor trust them, and they seldom understand the country people.

Yet the Rumanian peasant is both likeable and friendly. In his working dress, a kind of loose shirt and kilt in one, worn over tight cotton trousers, with a wide, red sash, he will always stop to return a greeting. On Sundays he will bid you welcome in his neat, white-washed cottage, and do the honours with grave courtesy in a linen-embroidered shirt, with a sheepskin hussar jacket hanging from his shoulders, and a gay feathered hat. The women are quieter in their dress, but their blouses are usually embroidered, and their head-dresses are often beautiful.

#### Life in Huts and Cabins

Not all the peasants' cottages are neat and clean. Some live in huts thatched with straw; some in cabins filled with smoke from the fire in the centre of the floor; some in what are little better than caves. But for the most part they are fairly well housed, and they always have a piece of ground on which there are usually plum trees. They are very fond of a drink made from plums. Vines grow almost everywhere, and wine is made by each family for itself.

They live frugally. A pudding, something like pease-pudding, made of maize and called *mamaliga*, is often eaten twice a day. They see very little butcher's meat, but keep fowls and pigs.

They are no longer a race of shepherds. They have taken to agriculture. The men work hard in the fields, ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, mowing; the women weave, milk the cows, make cheese, and feed the pigs.

The pleasures of the peasants are singing and dancing. On Sundays the women mostly go to church, the men more seldom. They belong to the

Eastern Church, like the Russians. Their priests are called popes; one of the commonest names in Rumania is Popescu, meaning "priest's son." The priests have little influence upon the people, except in Transylvania, where they took the lead in the struggle against Hungarian efforts to break the Rumanian spirit.

Indeed, the Rumanians in Rumania had little help from anyone. They are badly educated. Both priests and politicians made all they could out of them before the war. Simple, ignorant, industrious, home-loving, they have by their virtues created a country. Now they are trying to find out how to manage it.

#### Rumania's Need

The chief politicians in the Rumanian Parliament are Mr. Bratianu and Mr. Take Jonescu. Mr. Bratianu is Prime Minister, in spite of his mismanagement of Rumania's part in the war. The king is a German and a Hohenzollern, but he is married to an English princess, Queen Marie, and she is very popular. If only the wealthy and influential classes had a stronger sense of duty, the future of the country would be one of certain happiness.

The great need of Rumania is for honest, capable men to direct the government, men who sincerely desire the people's welfare before their own enrichment, and unless these are found there is danger ahead. H. F.

## MARRIAGE IN THE AIR

### "I Will" by Wireless

The latest new thing from America is a marriage in the air—a rather fantastic marriage, perhaps, but interesting, for the bride and bridegroom were in one aeroplane and the clergyman in another, wireless telephones carrying the reading of the service from machine to machine, while the responses of the pair were heard on the ground through megaphones attached to wireless telephone receivers.

It must be remembered that marriage services in American States can be conducted anywhere, and not, as in England, only in a place authorised for the purpose. Often they are celebrated in private houses.

#### THE CURLEW COMES TO TOWN

Harold Beeley, a ten-year old observer, writes from Muswell Hill:

Reading the article on curlews, I thought I would tell you that the Cornish curlews frequent the wheatfields many miles inland. The gulls down there come inland in great flocks, mingling with the rooks and jackdaws. I once saw a flock of about two hundred attacking some animal.

In winter, a flock of about 1000 hovered over Muswell Hill searching for food.

I think the birds have been disturbed in their old haunts, and come inland searching for new breeding-places.

#### FLYING LETTERS SIXPENCE EACH

Three leading French aeroplane-makers have been carrying Paris mails to Lille and other Northern towns since last winter. They now propose to erect blue postal boxes in the busiest parts of Paris, for use in a special aerial letter service to Lille.

The service, however, is at present delayed because of an extraordinary reason. It is too cheap! The charge is fixed at sixpence a letter, and the French government insists that it shall be 1s. 8d., on the ground that too cheap an aerial service will ruin the government telegraph service to Lille.

As things stand, the sixpenny air post would be quicker and cheaper than the telegraph service, and it is a remarkable testimony to the rapid utility of the flying mail that one of the greatest states of Europe should complain that it is too cheap.

#### A SCHOOL KINEMA

Every school will have its kinema some day. Acton has built a new school, and it is to have a lecture hall in which pictures can be shown.

## NOISES IN THE EARTH

### Does Gas Explode Below?

Strange noises like distant guns or thunder are heard in several countries where volcanoes have at one time existed. They are thought to be due to explosions of gas under the earth, and many peculiar names have been given to them, according to the sounds they suggest to different people.

No one has ever seen the cause of the noises, but the Australian Geological Survey states that noises resembling thunder which take place in the Daylesford district of Victoria are supposed to be caused by explosions of gas, as birds and rabbits suffocated by gas have been found dead in hollows.

## COLD IN THE HEAD

### A Serious Disease

Dr. Halford Ross, a Government factory inspector, and the man who stamped out fever in Suez, says that the chief disease people in factories and offices suffer from is cold in the head.

It was a very humiliating thing, he said the other day, to confess, after 2000 years of civilisation, that doctors were still unable to prescribe a cure for this apparently simple complaint.

There had not been a single day on which Dr. Ross had not found someone coughing or sneezing, and this was a serious source of infection to others. Cold in the head causes an enormous loss of both work and money, and funds should be forthcoming for research.

## AEROPLANE AT £80

### Flying With a Motor-Cycle Engine

An American firm is selling a small flying machine at the extraordinarily low price of £80.

It is fitted with a common motor-cycle engine, the "Indian," with the addition of deflecting plates to prevent overheating. Gearing reduces the engine revolutions from 3000 to 1200 a minute. The wing-spread is 25 feet, the length 16½ feet, with a fuselage built of ply-wood. The machine weighs only 275 pounds, flies at 40 miles an hour, and slows down for landing to 20.

There will undoubtedly be, in the course of time, many small cheap machines of good workmanship. Already there is at least one small British air engine of fine quality, that can be manufactured cheaply in quantities. In its large sizes it produces one unit of horsepower for less than two pounds weight.

## MUD VOLCANOES

### Queer Natural Event in America

Cauldrons of hot mud, some of which bubble without ceasing, while others suddenly explode, have sprung into existence on the eastern shore of the Salton Sea in California.

The mud volcanoes are like tiny hillocks, but when they explode they sometimes tear holes in the earth ten feet deep, and give out gases. The little mounds then take the shape of cauldrons, which throw out mud and gradually build themselves up until they reach the height of a man.

They are supposed to be caused by the mixing of the fine silt on the earth's surface with subterranean bodies of steam, and have once before been seen in another part of America.

#### DEAF FISHES

That fishes do not hear very much, and certainly do not make use of any sense of sound in hunting their prey in the sea, was found recently by Professor Brogg, when studying submarine sounds. He studied fishes at the Zoo, and found that their hearing powers were so deficient that they were evidently of no use in the under-water struggle for existence.

## BRAVE JOHN RUGGLES

### Hero of the Mutiny

The war which shook—though but for a moment—the foundations of British power in India, is just beginning to recede from memory. Its living heroes are becoming rare, as we are reminded by the death of General John Ruggles.

As a lad of twenty he had seen the annexation of the Punjab. Ten years later he was in the midst of the Indian Mutiny. Part of his regiment mutinied, and shot dead the colonel, while he was addressing them, trying to dissuade and restrain them. The soldiers shot him dead as he stood. Other men of the regiment remained faithful, and with their officers, among whom was Ruggles, reached Lucknow and took part in the heroic defence of the Residency during the 87 days before Havelock came to the rescue, and again till the final relief by Sir Colin Campbell.

Ruggles lived to write the story of that defence, when swarms of mutineers again and again stormed the crumbling walls, but again and again were flung back.

And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew. Our appreciation of the bravery and devotion of the men of today should kindle afresh our admiration for heroes of other days, who strove to conquer, not to yield.

## CAN BIRDS TELL THE TIME?

### The Lady of Luxembourg

A lady has for some time past made a habit of feeding the birds in the Luxembourg Garden in Paris, always at the same place and at the same hour.

If she arrived early the birds were not there; if she was late there they were waiting for their crumbs with visible signs of impatience. When the clocks were changed to summertime the birds were quite on the spot; they were waiting for her at the summertime hour, and they waited though she was ten minutes late!

Now, what does this prove? Well, one experiment proves nothing; but what the experiment points to is the theory that the birds watched the march of events in the surroundings, and knew when to assemble by observing the routine of the garden or something of that sort. If they had any internal sense of time they would have been quite put out by the change of the clock, but they were not. Their clock is not like ours, but it serves them well.

## WHY CLOTHES ARE DEAR

### Shiploads Waiting at the Ports

A suit of clothes for a public-school boy now costs £6, and men's suits are three times as dear as before the war; yet the Port of London is congested with wool.

Half a million bales, weighing 90,000 tons, are stocked in the warehouses at the port, and incoming ships lie in the Thames off Gravesend waiting for their turn to unload vast amounts of goods which the country wants. A million tons of extra imports are coming in, yet manufactures are not reaching the shops to make up the supply that is needed, and there is talk of unemployment.

The material is here, but does not reach the people quickly enough to bring down excessive prices. It is high time something was done.

#### LORD KELVIN'S HOME

The offer of a few hundred copies of the book on Lord Kelvin's Early Home to school libraries that would be glad to have them has brought far more applications than can be granted, and the donors, having sent out the hundreds of copies available, much regret that their resources have melted away too soon. Those who applied in vain will, therefore, understand.



# GREAT HEROES OF THE NATIONS ON THE MAP OF THE WORLD THIS WEEK

**J**AMES WATT was one of the world's benefactors, who succeeded in life in spite of ill-health. Always ingenious, he became mathematical instrument maker to the Glasgow University, then a surveyor and canal maker, and finally the improver of the steam-engine.

The special work done by Watt was the improvement of the steam pumping engine invented by Newcomen for raising water from mines. Newcomen's patent used condensed water to create a vacuum, and in doing so lowered the heat of the cylinder in which the steam operated, and so caused a great expenditure of coal to regain the heat. Watt conducted the condensing process outside the cylinder, and made the steam-engine more effective with a much less use of coal.

In his later years Watt made many more advanced engineering discoveries, such as the possibility of locomotive engines, but hesitated to proceed with them, and finally regarded them with jealousy as superseding his early inventions. He was a man of fine character and attractive personality.

**T**HE names of ROBERT O'HARA BURKE and WILLIAM JOHN WILLS bring up one of the saddest stories in the exploration of Australia. They were the first and second in command of the first expedition that crossed Australia from south to north, and in returning both perished.

Burke was an Irishman who had been a captain in the Austrian army, and was an inspector of police in Melbourne before taking command of the expedition. Wills was a Devonshire man, with a strong devotion to science.

The expedition relied on camels for its transport. The greater part of the outfit was left behind at a depot in the desert called Cooper's Creek, while the leaders pushed forward to the northern sea. They reached Cooper's Creek on the return journey and found themselves deserted; and eventually they perished of hunger, their sole companion being kept alive by natives.

This pitiful but heroic adventure, over desert lands now crossed by a telegraph line, is commemorated in papers they left behind, and also in a fine memorial before the Parliament House in Melbourne.

**L**OUIS KOSSUTH, the Hungarian patriot, for a brief period dictator of his country, acknowledged the failure of his life's work by fleeing into Turkey.

Till then he was the most popular man in Europe. In his youth he had access to the Hungarian Parliament, and was imprisoned for writing reports to favour the cause of liberty; but he afterwards published a newspaper which roused Hungary to claim independence.

The insurrection of which he was the inspirer and political leader was successful, but Russia assisted Austria to crush it. Then Kossuth visited England and America, and charmed large audiences by his eloquence in English, which he had learned from the Bible and Shakespeare. His later years were spent in Italy, where he died in 1894.

When Hungary secured her independence and a Parliament, Kossuth was elected a member repeatedly, but would never enter Hungary and acknowledge the Austrian Emperor as its king. He was a great patriot, the founder of modern Hungary, but he was more fitted to arouse and inspire than to control.

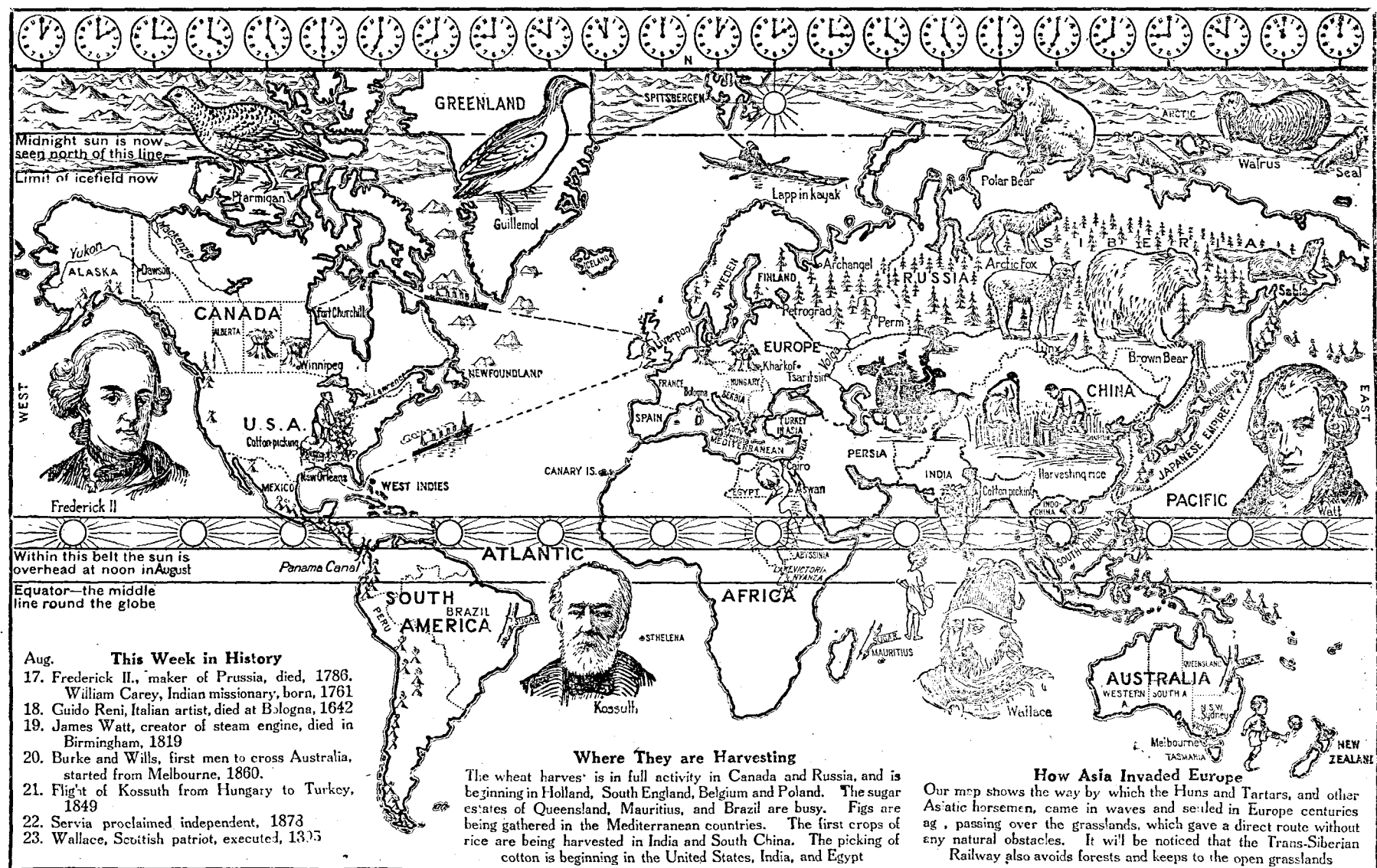
**W**ILLIAM WALLACE, whose history comes to us chiefly through the rhymes of Scotland, was one of history's purest examples of a lover and defender of his native land.

No one has ever accused him of seeking his own advantage. He spent and gave his life for his country.

While the grander people were sometimes siding with him in trying to free Scotland from British rule, but were mostly quarrelling jealously with each other and thinking half-heartedly of their safety, he was staunch and true.

Falkirk was the scene of his life's crises. There he defeated the English and won liberty for Scotland, and there the English defeated him, before he was betrayed into their hands. The death of William Wallace, in London, as a traitor to a foreign king whom he had never acknowledged, was the darkest blot on the reign of Edward I.

The personal descriptions of Wallace picture him as a man of fine stature, enormous strength, handsome and gallant in bearing—an ideal hero.



## PLACES ON THE PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF THE WORLD—EVENTS OF THE DAY IN MANY COUNTRIES AND TOWNS

**Assuan's** annual floods are now due. They are caused by the water brought down by the Nile tributaries which flow through Abyssinia.

**Australia.** In Western Australia stock is living on spinifex. The Governor, in a 1500-mile ride, saw no grass at all.

**Bohemia** has had harvest losses through floods estimated at £25,000,000.

**Canada** has allotted 72,000 acres of land to returned soldiers. Rains have improved the harvest prospects in Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Dominion now has 39,000 miles of railway.

**Fort Churchill.** A railway is being built from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill, the new port in Hudson Bay. The time of the wheat harvest in Central Canada is the time when the approach to Fort Churchill is free from ice, so that this harbour will give a new outlet for crops.

**Finland** has elected a professor, Karl Stahlberg, as her first President.

**France** has given up her naval bases in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, at Messina, Corfu, Galata, and Constanza.

**Hungary** has been told by the Allies that they can have no dealings with her while she has a Bolshevik government under Bela Kun.

**India** sent to the war 943,000 men, of whom 552,000 were combatants. Her casualties were 106,594. Of railway material she sent 1855 miles of rails, 229 locomotives, and 5989 vehicles.

**Italy** wishes to borrow £300,000,000 from America to buy raw materials for re-starting her manufactures; but America is unlikely to lend the money owing to Italy's action at the Peace Conference.

**New Zealand** has prohibited railway

travelling for pleasure owing to the scarcity of coal.

**Norway** and the neighbouring countries of Sweden and Finland are now the centre of big lumbering operations.

**Pacific.** A remarkable fact about the Pacific, the largest of all oceans, is that it is practically surrounded by volcanoes.

**Palestine and Syria** have voted who shall govern them under the League of Nations. The Moslems prefer Great Britain; the Christians, America; and the Lebanon district, France.

**Panama Canal** has now been passed through, for the first time, by four American Dreadnoughts.

**Peru,** around the headwaters of the Amazon, is being developed by Japanese.

**Siberia** is too short of railways to make lumbering profitable in her forests.

The only industry in this area is the trapping of fur-bearing animals for the sake of their skins, an industry which generally takes place in winter.

**Spain** is rallying for a new advance against the Morocco rebel chief Raisuli.

**Spitsbergen** has rich deposits of coal which will greatly help industries in Northern Europe.

**Sudan** is being irrigated south of Khartum, where valuable cotton is grown; and the Tokar cotton-growing district near Suakin is being extended.

**Sweden** has put up her railway fares to three times the pre-war rate.

**Sydney** has now been reached by the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods.

**Yukon** river steamers can now go up as far as Dawson City, the centre of the gold-fields region.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 16 1919

## White Horse &amp; Red Baton

Bliss is it in these days to be alive, and to be young is very heaven.

If that fine saying was true when Wordsworth wrote it, how true it is to-day, with Nature in her glory and History opening out like picture books before our eyes. And what pictures they are! How the heroes come and go!

Who has forgotten that picture long ago? There was a man riding on a white horse through London—a proud and dazzling man he was as he passed the millions by. And then he stood in London's noble Guildhall, with the heart of our nation filled with goodwill for this leader of a kindred race, riding freely through our streets, speaking freely in our Forum.

Now there comes another day, with other riders through the streets and other men at Guildhall.

The Lord Mayor in his robe of gold is receiving visitors, and one by one they come.

One comes from Gallipoli—a quiet, grave figure, as if he never would forget those hundred thousand men who sleep among the hills that guard the gate of Asia. Amid a burst of feeling cheers walks up Sir Ian Hamilton.

And one comes from Bagdad: out of the gloom of that dark tragedy by the rivers of Babylon Sir Charles Townshend comes.

And then an admiral—a man whom Nelson looking down, were he not made of stone, would clap his hands to see. Sir Doveton Sturdee comes.

And then there is a hush in Guildhall, a pause, a rustling, and all Guildhall leaps to its feet, for now there comes as rare a figure as our British Army has—the man who bore the burden of a fearful day, who loved his men but sent them out to die for England's sake, who went out in her darkest hour and came home bearing Victory. Sir Douglas Haig walks up.

Now silence comes again. Somebody is playing the Marsellaise, and these ancient walls of Guildhall seem to want to speak as in there comes a little man from France. We leap to our feet, and stand on our chairs, and clap our hands, and perhaps there fall some tears of joy as he stands at the steps and raises his little red baton, for he is Marshal Foch, who saved the world.

He goes the way the dazzling emperor went, he sits in the Kaiser's place. What happens now does not matter much, for we have seen the Man with the Red Baton who ended the story of the Man on the White Horse.

So the pictures come and go. So the world goes round and life moves on from hour to hour, from age to age. So, while time endures, the pride and power of evil men will fall, and out of the heart of the world will leap these heroes to guard and save us when the dark hour comes. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## The Homeless Vicar

THE house trouble continues. The other day it was a bishop who had to leave his diocese because there was no house for him to live in; now a vicar has to go. He writes pathetically that the only thing there seems for him to do is to try to find some other sphere of work where at least his family can be sure of a roof over their heads.

Strange things war brings in its train, but who could have thought that war in France would leave vicars and bishops without homes in England? But for them there is at least this comfort—that they are in the true line of succession. Long ago, in a distant province of the Roman Empire, there was One Who had not where to lay His head.

## The World Quickens Up

WE hear and read and think of the day when distance will be conquered, when the wireless that encircles the earth in a second will make time seem to be of no account, and it is actually coming. There were shown in London the other Monday kinema pictures which did not leave New York till the Wednesday before, and London has lately seen pictures of events occurring in Paris the same day. We are getting nearer and nearer to the realisation of our dreams.

## SOCIETY NOTES

## Whispered by a Little Bird

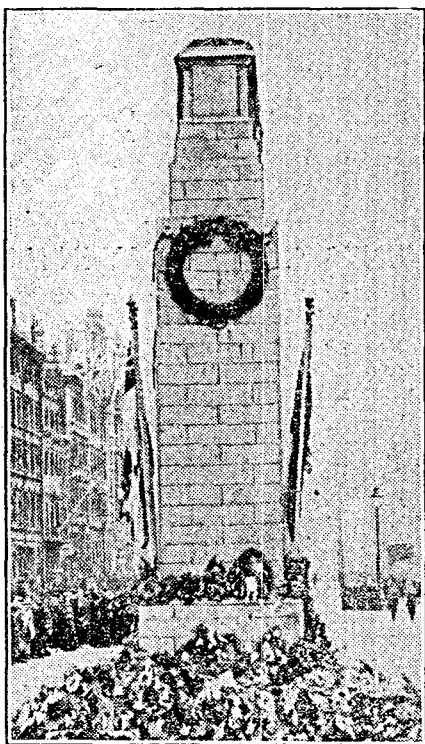
LADY WAGTAIL put on her Gold Crest to meet King Eider, who had on a Ruff and looked a regular Noddy.

Jack Snipe has been married to Jenny Wren. Kittiwake was bridesmaid. Tom Tit was the best man.

At a water carnival afterwards there were some daring feats by the Dippers and Divers, who made the spectators Quail. The scene was gay with Bunting.

The Dartford Warbler was very sweet at the concert, and the Sandpiper gave a Tern; there was no Stint of music.

Robin Redbreast wore a Blue Bonnet.



"Daddy's Grave"—The Cenotaph in Whitehall

## The Busy Pen

A NOVELIST has lately died, leaving twenty books still unprinted. It is said that in thirty years he wrote 150 novels, and the record is quoted as if it were a very great achievement. But such novels as he wrote were easy to write compared with much of the work of the men who make our newspapers; and the novelist's record works out at not much more than a thousand words a day, which is beaten easily by many journalists. The pen that is writing this used to write a thousand words before breakfast, a thousand words before supper, and edit a well-known paper in between.



## The Night

Five years ago the Junker was coming on. The Day had arrived. Now the Day is over and the Night has come.

## The Laughing Hindenburg

HINDENBURG has been laughing. We need not begrudge him a laugh, for he must sorely need it. The nails in his wooden statue are mocking at him every hour, and the sight of the country he has helped to ruin must be almost beyond the power to endure.

But what he was laughing about was the idea that wars are over. He burst out laughing, and said "Only dreamers believe that. As long as there is mankind there will be wars." Well, there was a time when only dreamers believed that slavery would go; there was a time when only dreamers believed that German militarism would go; it seems only the other day since it was like a dream to think that Hindenburg would go.

And yet—what of slavery, what of German militarism, what of Hindenburg now? We need not mind his laughing, for they laugh best who laugh last, and neither Hindenburg nor any of his Junkers will be there to see.

I travelled among unknown men  
In lands beyond the sea,  
Nor, England, did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

God gives all men all earth to love,  
But, since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.

## A Sister to Assist Her

SCHOOLBOYS and schoolgirls play their little games with words that tease and twist, and the game has reached the solemn precincts of a County Court. This actually happened the other day:

Witness: My children assist her.

Judge: And who is your sister?

Witness: I said my children assist her.

Then the judge either gave it up or understood.

## Daddy's Grave

THE cenotaph—the "empty tomb"—to the Glorious Dead, erected for the Peace Procession in Whitehall—is to be transformed into marble and remain on the spot made sacred by the proud sorrow of the Empire.

Any other spot but this would have been impossible after what we have all felt as we passed this by. This is the nation's tomb for a million widely scattered dead. In very truth the fatherless children are right who call it "daddy's grave"; and who can look without tears on those little bundles of flowers with such cards pinned on as that we saw the other day: "To Daddy and Eric—From Isabel"?

Not in the damp plain of Flanders, nor on the scarred hillsides of France, does daddy really rest, nor does he find a wide and wandering grave in any of the seas; but here, in the heart of London, where he has the reward of a grateful nation's reverence, is his lasting home, a hero among heroes, with love poured forth from the full hearts of generation after generation as they pass this way.

## The War Office Mends Its Ways

THE War Office announces that there is to be less delay in issuing gratuities due to those who died. It is quite time. The nation does not like these slow War Office ways. It likes to pay its debts and to pay them quickly, especially when they are due to men who gave their lives for us.

## The Theatre Tea

SOMEBODY writes asking why the food they give us for theatre teas is always so bad, but we cannot tell them. We only know it is so.

## Tip-Cat

TAILORS are said to be profiteering without mercy. If they follow that bad example we shall not be able to rely on them for our patterns.

A miracle of modesty: A retiring M.P.

Some miners are agitating for "uniform hours." Most of the demobbed never want to put it on again.

The mining royalty to which nobody objects: Old King Coal.

Mr. Bonar Law describes Sir Eric Geddes as the most modest of men. The miracle is that, though he is always retiring, he keeps at the head of affairs.

Prices are still soaring. They will soon be so high that we shan't be able to reach them except by running up bills.

"Bread next winter," says Sir Auckland Geddes, "will be more useful than feathers this summer." Bread does not need feathers; it can rise without them.

J. M. Robertson declares "people will not stand another war." Does he think they will take it sitting down?

## Giver of All Good

O! Thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown;  
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

COWPER



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW  
The price of a flying  
season-ticket to  
America



## WHAT COULD YOU DO WITHOUT HANDS?

### Cleverness of Limbless Men

#### MAN'S UNCONQUERABLE MIND

In nothing is the power of human adaptability shown so much as in overcoming the loss of sight and limbs. If sufferers from the havoc of war will only believe it, they can live the same life as other men, however much they may seem to be crippled.

This has been proved not only by the wonderful work at St. Dunstan's in overcoming the difficulties of blindness, but by the activities of legless and armless men.

Recently an American banker, Mr. Dowling, has been illustrating in this country what can be done by a man who has lost both legs at the knee, the left arm at the elbow, and half the right hand, through exposure in a winter storm. Mr. Dowling, in spite of these disabilities, has done well at college, has taught boys at school, and is now president of the largest bank in Minnesota, and is married, with three daughters. He is also a highly expert motorist.

A countryman of his, Judge Corley, who had lost his right arm at the shoulder and his left arm at the elbow, could write, swim, shave himself, and play all kinds of games, and gave an exhibition of taking off his coat, collar, and tie and putting them on again.

The Minister of Pensions told an audience the other day that he had seen a legless man mount a bicycle and ride with ease.

One of the efforts to remedy the suffering caused by the war will be the invention of artificial aids to limbless men, which will give new hope to sufferers who meet with accidents in years to come.

### "THE ALL-RED WAY"

#### New Cable that Links the Commonwealth

#### TRIUMPH OF TELEGRAPHY

The British Commonwealth has been long asking for an "all-red" cable—that is, a cable which would girdle the world and not pass its messages through foreign lands. Now it has it, and it comes into existence in a romantic way.

One of the first acts of the British Navy when war broke out was the cutting of the German ocean cables, so that direct communication with other countries along the sea bed was impossible. In that way Germany's cable from Emden to the Azores, and on to New York, was cut at both ends.

But the cut cable was far too valuable to be wasted, so the European end was connected with the English coast near Penzance, and the part beyond the Azores was linked with Halifax in Nova Scotia. The captured cable, of course, belonged to the Government, and over it were sent all official communications with Canada, and through Canada with New Zealand and Australia.

The cable, named the Imperial cable, is now taking business messages. Though ocean cables have lost some of their exclusive importance owing to the development of wireless telegraphy, this national cable, owned by the Government and linking all parts of the Empire, is warmly welcomed as another bond between the great British family of nations.

#### NEW ZEPPELINS

The Germans are advertising that a Zeppelin passenger and cargo service will be opened in October between Hamburg and New York. About £20 a ton is the first estimate for carrying cargo across the Atlantic.

#### 20,000 TIMES TO IRELAND

Captain T. G. Clay, of the London & North Western Railway Irish Steam Packet Service, who has just died, crossed the Irish Sea no fewer than 20,000 times.

## 25 THINGS A MILLION YEARS OLD

There is a marvellous shillingworth of natural wonder on the bookstalls, in the September number of My Magazine. It shows some of the oldest known witnesses to the life of the earth before history began.

One of the wonders of human knowledge is the way in which men have built up, step by step, true pictures of the life of the earth before there was a man upon it.

There are things we know about the past, millions of years before man came, as truly and as plainly as if a man had been there and had written a book to tell us all about it. We have pictures of life in those far-off days as plain as any photographs can be.

We can look upon the lovely wings of insects that glittered in the sun in the days when Rhamphorhynchus moved across the earth.

We can see fruit that grew on trees

when there was no human hand to pick it. We can see footprints made by creatures long ago extinct.

We can see the ripples on the beach, and little rills of sand thrown up so long ago. We can see the mark left by a storm in those other days.

We can look on an ant exactly as it was in life five million years ago; we see it looking like the ant that crawls across our garden path today, and yet we know that at least five million years have passed since this one crawled, and we know exactly how, upon an evil day, it crept into a trap and met its doom. It is all as plain as anything can be.

In the new number of My Magazine, now lying side by side with this paper on the bookstalls, we see pictures of 25 familiar things imprisoned in the earth for at least a million years, often for many millions.

## ONLY WORK CAN WIN THE PEACE



Peter Puck: "I hope you won't lean too long on that post, Mr. Bull, because won't you have to work hard to gain the fruits of Victory?"

## SHEEP KING OF AUSTRALIA

### Irish Boy's Great Career

Australia is the land of sheep, as Argentina is the land of cattle; and the king of sheep-breeders is dead.

He was an energetic Ulster Irishman, Samuel McCaughey, who went out to New South Wales as an ordinary farm hand 63 years ago, and has now died at the age of 84. Sir Samuel McCaughey, shearer of a million sheep a year, and owner of several million acres of land.

He rose to wealth and honour because he deserved to rise. He began by serving his uncle on a small sheep station, of which he became manager. Having mastered the business he began to buy stations on his own account, and he soon had vast holdings in more than one colony. His year's clip of wool often reached £200,000 in value.

His wealth was used generously, and his career was regarded in Australia as a fine illustration of the prosperity that may come to a man who, acting energetically and boldly, uses in full measure the untouched resources of a new country.

## DUMB HERO

### First Horse to Jump the Hindenburg Line

If ever a horse deserved to have clipped or branded on him the most honourable mark the world can give, the V.C., it is the charger of Colonel Winwood, D.S.O., of the 5th Dragoon Guards. He was the first horse to jump the Hindenburg Line, in full marching order, after the infantry had broken through.

He had been a war horse for two years when he went through the battle of Mons, taking part in the delaying actions of the cavalry during the retreat, and the screening of the infantry in the advance to the Marne and Aisne. He carried his master in the deadly fighting at Ypres and Loos; on the Somme, at Cambrai, and at Arras, and though several times wounded he was never laid up in hospital.

Now, after serving right through the war, he is holding himself gallantly on show as an example of the unconquerable British horse.

We wish him a long life of ease in green pastures.

## HINDENBURG LIES LOW

### How are the Mighty Fallen AND THE WEAPONS OF WAR PERISHED

At last Hindenburg has been interviewed: "a broken man, in a civilian suit of dark brown," says his visitor.

Since the Armistice he has been dumb, as he was still Field-marshal commanding the remnant of the German army, but now he lives in privacy in Hanover, and is free to talk with Americans he knew in the days when he was the great military idol of Germany, openly and universally worshipped.

He is now just Citizen Hindenburg, a huge, thick-set figure in a brown coat, living in a quiet villa, and "awaiting the end of his days, a bitterly disappointed old man."

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud.

#### The Hindenburg Nails

Rarely has the turn of Fortune's wheel lowered a man from a higher eminence in the minds of his countrymen; but the descent has been made in Hindenburg's case with a kind of sullen dignity. Three years ago Germans were setting up huge, unsightly images to him, as if he were their god, and honouring him by driving nails into him at so much per nail, the money paid for the nails tinkling into the national war chest.

It was Hindenburg who, like a mighty bull, had driven the Russians headlong from Prussia, and then thrust them back through Poland into their own marshes. It was Hindenburg who had planned his impregnable line of defence in the West and said: "Let them come on. We are ready for them." "Great is Hindenburg, and type of all that is great in the German race!" said the German people with one voice.

#### The Idol Mocks Its Makers

Now his prophecies have failed; his Hindenburg Line is broken, his storming troops storm no more; his idol-images mock their nail-drivers; his marshal's baton is put away, and he is a weary old German citizen, free to talk and let us know that he is still as dull-minded about the minds of other nations as ever his dullest-minded admirers were.

He thinks the English and French wish to gloat over the Kaiser as a fallen foe, as he and his like in Germany would have gloated over their enemies in the hour of victory; and he still fails to see that what free nations want to do is to put the stamp of guilt plainly on men whose ambition made them the murderers of ten millions of their fellow men. They want to see the guilty tried—not for vulgar show, or as a sign of triumph, but by the conscience of the world in the name of eternal justice, that all men hereafter may ponder the verdict.

But poor Hindenburg, sullen and dull, like a strong man without hands to smite, and understanding nothing but strength, cannot grasp this simple truth.

#### PIT-BOY BECOMES M.P.

The British House of Commons has been recruited in the past, and more and more is recruited now, from the ranks of working men of sterling character and ability. The latest arrival, Mr. John Robertson, M.P. for Bothwell, is a particularly fine example.

He was working in a coalmine in Lanarkshire when he was 13. He knows the life of the people he represents, and he is a clever and thoughtful speaker. Best of all, he believes in two great things—in clean and healthy homes for the people, and in maintaining the system of government by men popularly chosen for Parliament, and not government by fickle-minded mobs of excitable people who have never realised what a true democracy means.



## THE FLAG IN SUDAN LORD KITCHENER'S WORK IS CROWNED

Sudanese Chiefs Call at the  
King's Palace

### MAHDI'S SWORD FOR BRITAIN

Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than War.

Among the splendid scenes that have followed the dawn of peace none has been more romantic and touching than the visit to London of the religious chiefs and governing sheikhs of the Sudan, and the presentation to the King, by the son of the Mahdi, of a golden sword of fealty, of which the Sudan fables say that it was sent down from heaven long ago.

Twenty-one years ago the Sudan was in a ferment of revolt: the Egyptian government had been swept out of Africa above the cataracts of the Nile; Gordon had been killed at Khartoum; Lower Egypt was threatened and British power was imperilled; the Mahdi, believed to be appointed by God to reign, was master of the country, and the bravest of the brave Arab race were pledged to die in his defence.

### Kitchener's Work

Then Kitchener, with masterly decision, moved southward, his army welded by discipline into superb strength, far-seeing wisdom in his mind, and kindness towards the people of the country in his heart.

The battle of Omdurman followed, and the power of the Mahdi was broken. A reign of conciliation, justice, and progress, cemented by wise education, has since transformed the country, and now, at the close of a life-and-death struggle of nearly five years' duration, the leading men of the Sudan, who have been staunch in their loyalty throughout the war, although Moslem Turkey was one of our enemies, have come over the dreaded sea for their first visit to England, to offer their congratulations and tell us that the victory of the Allied Armies has "filled their hearts with joy."

### Like the Widow's Mite

The close of the war has brought many addresses to the King, but none of them has gone straighter to the heart of the question what the war was for than the address of these simple but high-minded desert chiefs. They speak of the British Empire and say:

"Even the poorest and youngest member of that great Empire (but not the poorest in loyalty), the Sudan, has offered of that which it had with all its energy and zeal. In comparison with what has poured in from all parts of the Empire the part the Sudan has played has been, as it were, a drop in the ocean, but what the Sudan has offered has been out of its need and not of its plenty, and the contribution of a poor but loyal people, small though it be in fact, is great in sentiment."

### The Victory of Peace

The inclusion of the Sudan among the subjects of the British Commonwealth has filled the hearts of these people with "pride, loyalty, and love."

That is the message of the Sudan, that has been won by British justice; and in further proof the son of the late Mahdi presented "the Sword of Victory" to the King, who, after accepting it as a symbol of submission and loyalty, handed it back to be held by them for him, in defence of the flag.

The triumphs of liberty brought by the war have been many, but none is greater than the victory won in years of peace over the hearts and trust of these old enemies—a trust unshaken by the changeable fortunes of war, and swelling at its close into an outburst of sheer delight.

## KEEPER OF OUR HEALTH Sir George Newman MEDICAL OFFICER WITH GREAT IDEAS

Sir George Newman, who has been appointed the Chief Medical Officer of the new Ministry of Health, has had every kind of experience needed to fit him for that most important position, and in his disposition exactly suits the office he holds. His fearless scientific mind, strong enough to be that of a pioneer, is softened by a considerate and gentle manner.



Sir George was a distinguished student, and then had experience as a lecturer both to medical men and the general public. The freshness of his mind attracted attention, and he was made Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, and organised the arrangements by which the health of children at school was brought under public care and greatly improved.

He has sat on many commissions inquiring into various forms of ill-health, and the best ways of combating them. When tens of thousands of women workers were hurried into factories to make munitions, it was he who planned the "welfare" arrangements that tended so much to preserve their health.

But that was only the last of a number of his thoughtful plans for rearing a healthy race and keeping it healthy, beginning with his ingenious scheme—when he was Medical Officer for Finsbury—for providing sterilised milk for infants at a cheap rate in right quantities for a meal, so that it might be kept fresh.

To no one could the care for the health of the nation be committed with greater confidence than to Sir George Newman, because no one has studied every side of that question more closely, and brought to it a wider experience and a more independent, fearless, yet temperate mind.

## GOLDFISHES AT SCHOOL How They Learned Their Lessons

A keen student of animal behaviour tells us of an interesting experiment with goldfishes.

The aquarium was divided into three compartments by two partitions of wire gauze or of wood, each with a doorway. The fishes were placed in compartment No. 1, and the food was placed at the other end of the aquarium in compartment No. 3. The problem was to find the food, which meant going through two doorways and compartment No. 2.

Eight fishes were set to work, and they all learned how to find their way in from 20 to 35 trials, some taking longer than others. They remembered their simple lesson for 13 days. They found their way at first by sight and by touch, but afterwards it seemed that they could manage without either of these guides, just as we become able to find our way in the dark through a difficult passage or along a winding walk—by memory.

### PIPE FROM THE TRENCHES

Hundreds of miles of hosepipe used for pumping water from the trenches is being sent back to England to be turned into useful material again. Iron wire of very good quality, worth £15 to £20 a ton, is wound in a spiral over the inner part of the pipe, and a mixture of canvas and rubber forms the waterproof material. A machine has been invented for picking the hosepipe to pieces, and separating the parts.

## TRUE ANIMAL TALES How the Cat Called the Housekeeper AND HOW THE CROW GOT A GOOD DINNER

From a Professor's Chair

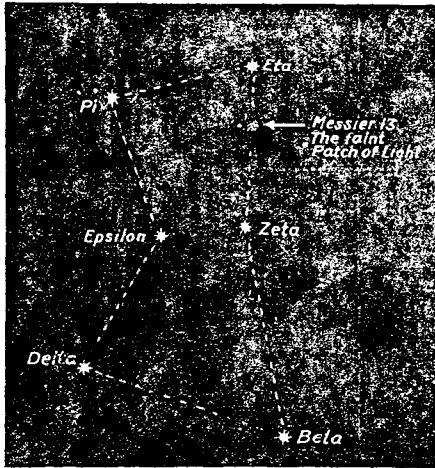
Clear cases of animal intelligence should always be put on record, for they are not so common as some people imagine.

Of many of the doings of animals it must be admitted that they are not so clever as they look, for careless observers do not understand that intelligence means putting two and two together in a novel situation and making an experiment based on the result of the reckoning. Intelligence is not to be mixed up with instinct, which is an inborn or inherited power of doing skilful things, nor with the results of imitation and habit. But what do you think of these two cases?

A favourite cat stayed out too late one night, and when it came home the house was all shut up. What did it do but go to the window of the housekeeper's room and knock as hard as it could? This was act one.

But it was act two that interested us most, for there are well-known cases of cats making sounds outside a door, and even using a knocker fastened low down for their special use. But what this cat did was rather more subtle. Having roused the housekeeper's attention, it left the window and ran to the kitchen door, which was at another side of the house, and there awaited admission. It did not wait in vain.

But now hear the story of the cleverer crow, for which we have to thank an accurately minded observer. From a branch of a tree in his garden he hung a piece of fat on the end of a stout string. This was for the titmice to enjoy; but in a short time a crow arrived on the scene and viewed the fat from the ground. It dangled out of reach



How to Find the Universe of Suns

above his head. It might have been secured by a flying swoop, no doubt, but the crow saw a better way. He flew on to the branch and with one of his feet gripped the string and pulled the fat up. The solution was simple, of course, but it was novel and neat, and bore witness of intelligence.

### SILKWORM AND THE FISHERMAN

How many fishermen know that the silkworm is connected with their sport? The hooks are attached to the line for salmon and similar kinds of fishing by means of a very fine gut, made chiefly by the Japanese, who use the intestines of silkworms for it. They are stretched and dried, and about six of them are twisted round each other and varnished.

Fine gut of this size made out of ordinary material would not stand the strain of playing with a powerful fish before it is landed, and so it happens that the little caterpillar which provides us with the softest silk provides us also with fishing lines of amazing strength.

## WORLDS OF ETERNAL LIGHT

Universe of Suns

### A FIFTY-THOUSAND-YEAR JOURNEY TO YOU

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is a part of the sky, due south and almost overhead, where sharp eyes might detect on a very dark night a faint patch of light; it occupies a very much smaller space in the sky than the Moon, appearing considerably less than a quarter of the Moon's width. It is just perceptible, and nothing more, so a close scrutiny of the sky is necessary.

Of the superb glories contained in that patch of light it is scarcely possible to form any adequate conception, for indeed we are gazing upon a veritable universe of suns and worlds.

### Far, Far Away

We have studied from time to time many of the starry host above us— isolated members like Vega and Arcturus, and multiple suns like Castor and Epsilon-Lyrae, all members of the great celestial family of suns to which our own Sun belongs; and we have thus formed a general conception of the universe immediately surrounding him.

We have learnt that all of them are millions of times farther off than our Sun is from us; yet all these suns, notwithstanding their enormous distances, are comparatively near neighbours of ours compared with this faint patch of light known to astronomers as Messier 13.

Now let us try to find it, with the aid of the accompanying star map, on a very dark, starlight night.

### How to Find a Universe

Look up at that region of the sky between Vega and Arcturus, but somewhat nearer to Vega, where six stars of about medium brightness will be seen in the form of an irregular trapezium; they occupy, with some smaller ones, an area slightly less than the famous seven stars of the Great Bear, and constitute the greater part of the constellation of Hercules. It will be found about one-third of the way down between Eta and Zeta, the two upper stars on the right-hand side, appearing as a faint patch of light with a fainter star to the left.

When viewed in a powerful telescope a marvellous sight meets the eye; myriads of sparkling gems glimmer and scintillate against the dead blackness of the Great Beyond. There must be visible in that cluster more stars than can be seen by the naked eye in the entire sky on the most brilliant starlight night; and each higher power of the telescope brings still more into view.

### Land of Never-Ending Day

This universe of suns, though considered to be within the great galaxy of the heavens, is nevertheless a vast agglomeration of stars complete in itself, roughly circular; the suns are far more numerous towards the centre, from which they radiate in streams.

Their apparent proximity is due to their enormous distance. It has been calculated vaguely that their light takes between 50,000 and 200,000 years to reach us; whereas it takes but 35 years from Vega, a fair average for bright stars. It is probable that, were we on one of the planets that doubtless revolve round many of those suns, we should be under a sky so bright, with such myriads of resplendent orbs, that we should live in a land of never-ending day. There, surely, if anywhere, should be found that heaven for which so many long. G.F.M.

### £100,000,000 FOR ROADS

It costs £20,000,000 a year to maintain the roads of Great Britain, and one-fifth of this is contributed through the taxes by motor vehicles. Now, however, another £37,000,000 is required to bring the roads up to the pre-war standard; and another £40,000,000 is wanted for new roads and bridges.



## TINY LIFE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

### Caterpillar that Lashes Its Tail

#### INSECTS THAT BORE THROUGH STEEL

By Our Country Correspondent

A formidable-looking creature that causes great alarm to nervous people is often found flying about in the neighbourhood of timber-yards and pine and larch woods at this season. It is known as the giant-tailed wasp, and it certainly looks as if it could give a nasty sting.

But though it is a destructive creature, it can do little in the way of personal injury, and its fierce appearance is mostly make-believe.

#### The Amazing Sawfly

It is not a wasp at all, but a sawfly, and its proper name is sirex. That formidable-looking weapon at the end of the insect is not a sting, but an ovipositor, or instrument for laying its eggs inside the bark of recently felled or sickly trees. When the grubs hatch out they feed upon the wood, and often a structure like a pergola, built of larch poles, will collapse within a year or two because the timber has been riddled by the borings of this pest.

The ovipositor of the sirex has a powerful boring instrument, which enables it to penetrate the solid wood for the purpose of making a receptacle for its eggs. The female is much larger than the male, and both hum loudly when on the wing.

A smaller species is steel-blue in colour, and does nearly as much harm. This has been known to emerge from the timber of cartridge boxes, and penetrate even the metal of the bullets in the cartridges. You may see this also flying about in the neighbourhood of imported timber, though it is less common than the other.

#### Caterpillars to Look For

Now is the time to find and study caterpillars of all sizes and shapes and shades. That of the puss-moth, which feeds upon the leaves of poplars and willows, is a very interesting creature.

It is jet black at first, with two points on its head like cat's ears, and has a double tail which it raises and forks when irritated. Later it changes to dull red, and gradually to the purple, white and green of the full-grown larva. The tail does not grow in proportion, but the creature now throws out two red whip-lashes if it is annoyed, and waves these about to frighten its enemy.

Another interesting caterpillar is that of the lobster moth, found on the oak and birch. This, if you touch it, rears up in a fighting attitude, with its claw-like front legs ready for striking, and its venomous-looking tail cocked in the air, as though it were going to sting.

The elephant hawk-moth caterpillar, which feeds on the willow herb, is another creature which defends itself by looking fierce. If alarmed it draws in its head, and contracts its body until all the eye spots have disappeared except two, and the caterpillar presents the appearance of a snake's head with two glaring eyes.

#### Fewer Wild Flowers

The greenfinches are stopping their songs; but the older redbreasts which have been silent for a few weeks have begun to sing again. The starlings are collecting in flocks, as they always do in the autumn and winter; and an occasional corn bunting may be building a belated nest or sitting on its eggs.

The devil's bit scabious, the common tansy, the woolly-headed thistle, and the artichoke, are all in blossom; and the round, scarlet berries of the white bryony are now ripe and form a very conspicuous object of the hedgerow. As the wild flowers get fewer in number it becomes more interesting to collect a nosegay, and more perseverance is needed to get variety.

C. R.

## LITTLE SAYINGS OF THE GREAT WAR

How many phrases has the war brought into our familiar speech, and how many of its sayings will be remembered in the years to come? Here are a dozen that we have been able to remember, some from common speech at home and on the field, some from public utterances or despatches.

The first six of these are well-known sayings of the soldiers:

**Blighty.** A familiar adaptation of a Hindustani word for home, brought by our soldiers from India, and used as meaning Britain, or home. A "blighty" was the name for a wound sufficiently severe to cause a man to be sent home.

**Gone west.** A way of saying that a man had been killed; derived from the setting of the sun in the west.

**Over the top.** One of the poignant phrases of the war; the leap from the trenches over the parapet for an advance on the enemy's lines.

**Stick it.** The soldier's phrase for holding on, and never giving in when holding on is hardest.

**That's the stuff to give 'em.** The soldier's appreciation of our own shell-fire when munitions became more plentiful and effective.

**Keep your end up.** Tommy's great saying to cheer up a depressed comrade, as if he should say: "Do your share in holding on."

**To deliver the goods.** The workmen's promise that they would do their part by supplying munitions.

These five sayings are taken from speeches and blue-books:

**The great tide running in the hearts of men.** From one of President Wilson's speeches.

**My country is too little to commit so great an infamy.** The great reply of Venizelos to a German suggestion that Greece should betray the Allies.

**We shall be home when the leaves fall.** The annual autumn promise of the Kaiser to his troops.

**The death-knell of the British Empire has sounded.** The German Chancellor's declaration to the German Parliament.

**A scrap of paper.** The German Foreign Minister's contemptuous reference in conversation with the British Ambassador at Berlin to the solemn treaty Prussia had signed guaranteeing Belgium against invasion.

## MOST ASTONISHING THING EVER DONE IN THE SKY

It was Garros, the French aviator, who invented the first method of firing through a propeller. He had metal sheets fixed on his propeller blades so as to turn aside any bullets striking the screw that kept him in the air.

Then a Dutchman, Fokker, working for the Germans, used the more scientific method of so adjusting the movement of the engine and turn of the propeller that a machine-gun, with a firing mechanism connected with the driving-power of the engine, only shot when the open space between the wooden blades gave a clear line of fire.

This was the device that made the Fokker machine for months the scourge of our Royal Flying Corps, and British inventors worked long at producing something better than the Fokker gear. It was a Rumanian engineer in England, Mr. George Constantinesco, who in the end achieved the victory.

His invention consisted of a gear, between the machine-gun and the aeromotor, which allowed bullets to be fired only when the propeller blades were

not in the way. So quickly did the blades revolve that they could not be seen, but so fast did the machine-gun fire that one explosion could not be distinguished from another. There were fifty of them in a second, yet everything was so minutely timed that the gun ceased to fire when a blade swung in front of it, and rattled out death with appalling intensity in the instant when the space was clear.

The airman simply pulled the trigger, and the automatic interrupter gear made the gun wait for the clear space between each blade, while pouring out two thousand bullets a minute. Neither friend nor foe had any device giving an approach to this speed.

Mr. Constantinesco had discovered quite a new principle of transmission. He linked the motor and the machine-gun together by a little vessel containing a liquid, and by a secret method known as the Sonio system he made the liquid carry waves of power like waves of sound, faster than any mechanical gear could act, and with more delicate precision.

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Earth up the crops of celery as they advance, taking care to keep the hearts of the plants free from soil. Apply lime for slugs, and attend to watering. Sow hardy sorts of lettuce for standing the winter, and tie up advancing crops.

Now is a good time to make plantations of strawberries. Plant the runners as soon as fit 18 inches apart, in rows about three feet from each other. Water as required. Give attention to staking all herbaceous and other tall-growing plants.

## NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, August 17.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Sunrise	5.48 a.m.	5.53 a.m.	5.56 a.m.	5.56 a.m.	5.56 a.m.	5.56 a.m.
Sunset	8.19 p.m.	8.13 p.m.	8.9 p.m.	8.9 p.m.	8.9 p.m.	8.9 p.m.
Moonrise	10.34 p.m.	12.4 a.m.	2.12 a.m.	2.12 a.m.	2.12 a.m.	2.12 a.m.
Moonset	2.19 p.m.	4.31 p.m.	6.3 p.m.	6.3 p.m.	6.3 p.m.	6.3 p.m.
High Tide	6.29 p.m.	9.28 p.m.	11.49 a.m.	11.49 a.m.	11.49 a.m.	11.49 a.m.
Moonset	Black figures indicate next day					

**Next Week's Moon**



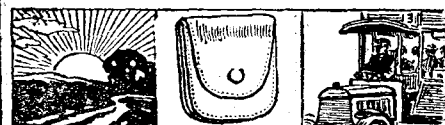
SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY

**Other Worlds.** Venus has now vanished from our observation and is rapidly getting between us and the sun. There are now no planets visible in the evening sky.

## ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le sifflet La confiture L'hirondelle



Le soleil Le porte-monnaie L'autobus

Un coup de sifflet retentit.  
Bébé adore la confiture.  
L'hirondelle arrive au printemps.  
Le soleil se couche à l'ouest.  
J'ai perdu mon porte-monnaie.  
Je prends souvent l'autobus.

#### BAYARD

*Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* naquit près de Grenoble en 1473. C'est le type parfait du chevalier du Moyen Age. Il était généreux et bon autant que brave. Le roi François Ier voulut être armé chevalier de sa main, et sa renommée était telle que le roi d'Angleterre, Henri VIII, chercha à se l'attacher. Son secrétaire nous dit "qu'il désirait être toujours près des coups," et, un jour, il défendit seul pendant une demi-heure, un pont que deux cents Espagnols voulaient prendre. Bayard mourut de ses blessures en 1524 à Romagnano.

## Song with Music Next Week

## Notes to My Nieces

### BY AN AUNT

#### 4. The Plain Girl and The Pretty Girl

Now, my dear Patricia and Maude, let us consider a little piece of advice for you both.

You, Patricia, are so lovely you are sometimes a little apt to think that good looks alone are quite enough.

They are not, and you must never forget it, or you will get some nasty disappointments as you go through life. Beauty is a priceless gift, an ideal you must try to live up to. You will have lots of temptations to spoil the prettiest face. You will be tempted to be selfish and to look down upon the neglected girls. You may forget that your character will show in your face.

#### Make Your Beauty Last

I know a lovely girl whose face is only pretty when she is smiling, because in repose she always wears a sulky look. Don't pretend you are not beautiful if you are—that would only be silly affectation; but be thankful for your great and wonderful gift, and keep it by a sweet expression. You want the outward and visible sign of an inward spiritual grace. It is the only thing that will make your beauty last.

And now for you, little Maude. You know you are plain, because you once heard mother say, "I do wish Maude were as pretty as Patricia." Well, you're not pretty. You rushed off to look again at your snub nose and your dull, string-coloured hair, and you felt quite wretched.

But you must remember that plain girls get married just as easily, and often far more easily, than the family beauty, of whom the boys are often afraid.

You must remember that when the boy you admire so much now is grown-up and married, he will not care so much about his wife's beauty as her gay companionship and sympathy, her sense of fun, and good temper.

#### Charm of Manner

The two men I know who adore their wives the most both married downright plain girls. Looks may attract at first, but don't worry about your snub nose, Maude dear; keep the sweet lines of the mouth underneath it. As you grow older, you will find there are many ways in which a natural and wise vanity will teach you how to emphasise your good points and hide the bad ones.

Very few French women are pretty, but they are so charming that no one thinks about their beauty. Their manner, their smile, their vivacity, and even their delicate and graceful bow from the waist, make you feel that mere looks do not matter. So cheer up, little Maude, and cultivate such a charm of manner that no one will care whether you are beautiful or not as long as you are there to smile on them.

Aunt Rosalie

## ARE YOU WORK-BLIND?

### Danger of Rule-of-Thumb Habits

Dr. J. W. Mellor, lecturing at Newcastle-on-Tyne the other day, described a complaint which he called "work-blindness," and other experts are now discussing the matter.

Work-blindness is inability to see defects and mistakes in our daily work, or methods of improvement. It is common in all trades and professions and affects all classes and ages, and both sexes. A frequent cause is too great familiarity with one's work.

Instances given are an engine-driver running past his signals, and a chemist using the wrong drug by taking the bottle next to the one he should take. It is described as a very insidious evil, which can only be combated by substituting scientific methods for the old rule of thumb.





# MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

## CHAPTER 54

### The Smoke Cloud

"A tidal wave!" cried Martin sharply. "Hymer, tell them to shut the outer gates of the boat-house. Quickly! If we get that wave in here it will play the mischief with the Bat."

But the priest's keen old eyes had already seen what was happening, and before Martin had finished speaking he was snapping out orders to the men.

Half a dozen leapt to close the great double doors of the boat-house. Others wedged them with heavy balks of timber.

Fortunately the plane herself was not in the water. It was her under carriage that had been damaged, and, in order to get at her, she had been raised upon a sort of platform above the floating stage.

For the next minute or two everyone in the boathouse worked with a breathless fury of haste. Then all that could be done had been done, and there was nothing left but to watch the glassy swell coursing swiftly up the harbour from the sea.

As Martin looked out through an opening under the roof, he saw that it was very close. Next moment, with a low soughing roar, it was upon them. The boathouse rocked and creaked under the great weight of water heaped against it. The floats rose with a loud clatter. Martin, looking down from his perch high in the scaffolding under the roof, saw the whole interior of the place filled with seething foam, and held his breath in agony, expecting to see the Bat swamped, torn down, and wrecked.

But the water fell as quickly as it had risen, and dropped, bubbling and muddy, to its former level, while the wave went roaring swiftly away up into the small creeks which ran far inland.

"Close call!" panted Martin, as he dropped back on to the soaking, swinging stage. "But, thanks be, the Bat's all right. Priest, do you often get these tidal waves?"

Hymer looked much disturbed. "Never have I known one such as this," he answered, "though from old men I have heard of them in past times. Great, I fear, must be the harm wrought along the coast. But why," he added—"why call it a tidal wave? No tide has power to raise itself suddenly to so great a height."

"You are right," replied Martin. "It is merely a name which we give to such waves. In reality it is doubtless an earthquake wave caused by some opening or commotion under the bed of the sea."

"Of a truth, that is the more likely cause," said Hymer. "Where, think you, did this earthquake take place?"

Martin's face had gone suddenly pale. Instead of answering, he flung open the door on the landward side of the boathouse and rushed up the flight of steps leading to the quay. Hymer, watching him with wonder, saw him stand there straining his eyes across the sea towards the distant white sugar-loaf which was the snow-clad peak surmounting Lost Island.

Suddenly a suspicion of the reason for Martin's anxiety came into his mind, and he followed him quickly.

"Look!" panted Martin, as the priest joined him. "Look! It is as I feared. The eruption has begun."

Hymer looked. Behind and beyond the great cone of the volcano a dark cloud was slowly spreading. Though the other island was so far away that even the lofty mountain appeared no larger

than a toy, the cloud was rising fast enough for Martin and Hymer to watch its growth. It was spouting upwards like the smoke from the explosion of a submarine mine.

"You mean that the water has reached the molten rock in the pit of which you have told me?" said Hymer.

"I am terribly afraid so," Martin answered. "Hymer, Professor Distin assured me that if this happened the sea would turn to steam and blow the whole island to atoms. And there is the poor Professor left helpless with Scipio and that Norseman—left to perish without even a boat to take them away."

Martin paused a moment, then his face hardened.

"There is but one thing to do," he added. "As soon as ever the Bat's floats can be fixed, I must fly back and give what help I can."

Hymer caught him by the arm. "You are mad, boy," he said in a tone which Martin had never before heard from him. "You are mad to suggest such a thing. When mountains burn the air is rent so that no bird even could fly through the whirlwinds that rise in fury to the skies. Be advised by me," he implored. "Do not go. We will send one of our fastest ships, manned by our strongest rowers. You and I will go with the ship."

Martin shook his head. "The ship will take many hours; I shall take but one," he answered. "Believe me, Hymer, it is the only chance to save my friends. Do not try to stop me."

The priest gazed at Martin in silence for several seconds. He saw the dogged set of Martin's jaw, and realised that nothing he could say would be of any avail. He sighed heavily, then turned to the men, and ordered them to get on with the repairs at the top of their speed. Martin himself snatched up his tools, and flung himself into the work with savage energy.

## CHAPTER 55

### A Royal Send-off

The news that Martin was leaving the island had spread far and wide, and that evening, when at last the Bat was ready, and lying upon the water alongside the great floats, a huge crowd had congregated on the broad quay.

It was a strange scene. Night had fallen, a night strangely still, oppressively hot, and darker than Martin had ever known—a night, indeed, on which it would have been impossible to fly without landmarks of some sort. But the mark in this case was only too terribly clear and plain. Out across the sea in the direction of Lost Island a lurid glow rose against the blackness like a pillar of molten metal. Every now and then this pillar seemed to heave and throb, and some minutes after each of these upheavals a dull thud would come to the ears of the watchers, a sound like that of some monstrous gun fired a few miles out to sea. Terrible things were happening out there, and Martin was sick with anxiety for the fate of the Professor and the kindly Scipio.

And now there was a stir in the throng of silent watchers and a gasp of amazement. All eyes were turned towards a row of torches which approached from the direction of the palace and upon the great gold-encrusted litter which a score of tall Norsemen bore down towards the quay.

Martin, sitting in the boathouse, hastily eating food which servants had brought from the palace, heard the stir and looked up.

"It is the king," said Hymer,

who sat with him—"the king who comes to say adieu and to see you start upon this journey of yours."

Martin jumped up.

"It is more than kind of him," he said.

"It is a great honour, my son—such an honour as never yet, within my remembrance, has been paid to any save of the royal race."

Martin ran quickly up the broad steps up to the wharf, and was in time to see the king descend from his litter. Akon was with him, and the king, still rather pale from his long illness, took the arm of his giant son and stepped forward.

He was a royal figure. The glare of the torches shed a ruddy light upon his snowy hair, his white tunic edged with purple, and the gold of his head-dress and breast-plate.

The crowds had made way, but all around was a sea of faces, white and brown. The people were very quiet; indeed, hardly a whisper was to be heard among them.

The king released Akon's arm and gave Martin both his hands.

"Englishman," he said gravely. "I have come to wish you God-speed upon your perilous journey. I would that you could have been content to take the ship which Hymer offered you, yet I will not attempt to dissuade you from flying to the help of your friends. But this I beg of you to remember—that in this country, for which you have done so much, you and any dear to you will always find a home."

Martin dropped upon one knee, and kissed the hand of the old man. "King," he answered, "in the name of my friends and of myself, I thank you. If I come through safely, I shall, I trust, be back within a few hours with my friends. If not, I shall have died with them. In any case, believe me that I am most grateful for all the kindness I have received at your hands, at those of Prince Akon, and of the chief priest Hymer."

Akon stepped forward. "The gold, Martin! Have you forgotten the gold which you needed? It is all ready for you." Martin laughed a little. "My dear Akon," he answered, "the gold will have to wait. I must not carry a pound extra."

TO BE CONTINUED

## NEWSPAPER NOTES AND QUERIES

**What is the Proletariat?** The proletariat is the great body of wage-earners, the poorest class of the community. The name was invented by the Roman King Servius Tullius to describe those persons who had no property to contribute to the State but their *proles*, or offspring.

**What is Dora?** Dora is a name made out of the initial letters of the Defence of the Realm Act, passed during the war to allow Orders to be issued to the public by governing authorities that have the force of laws passed by Parliament. It was necessary in war time to

do things quickly, and orders can be issued by Government Departments much more rapidly than by Parliament itself.

**What is Collectivism?** Collectivism is the term used for the main idea in Socialism that capital and industrial enterprises should be owned, not by the individual, but by the community as a whole.

**What is a Zemstvo?** A Zemstvo, before the Russian revolution, was a local elected Parliament that regulated such matters as roads, schools, sanitation, and so on, subject to interference by the provincial governor.

## Five-Minute Story

### MAISIE'S LETTER

Maisie's mother was very poor and earned a meagre living sewing coats for a rich firm of clothiers. She got up before daybreak and strained her eyes late at night in the feeble rays of an oil-lamp.

Maisie was only twelve years old, but she had learned to be useful, preparing meals and tidying their one room, so that mother need not break off from her work. The sooner the coats were taken back to the factory the sooner they had the few shillings that kept them from starvation.

The little girl watched her mother growing paler and thinner day by day, and one morning woke up to silence instead of the whirring of the sewing-machine. The poor woman was too ill to leave her bed.

"And those coats should be done by tomorrow!" she moaned.

Maisie went to the factory and told the manager of her mother's illness. Couldn't he wait a little longer for the coats? she pleaded. And—could he advance a shilling or two, as they had no money? But the manager was a cruel, mercenary man.

"No!" he retorted. "And if I don't have those coats finished by tomorrow, I'll find someone more reliable to work for me!"

Maisie could manage her mother's machine, so all through the night she struggled to finish the coats, and by morning the last stitch had been put in.

She knew the coats would fetch enormous prices at the big West End shops, and she felt that she hated the rich ladies who would wear them. But were they all greedy and selfish and hardhearted? Surely here and there one was kind. On the impulse, she sat down and scribbled a note describing where her mother lived, and how she had nearly slaved herself to death, and hid it in one of the pockets. Then she carried her heavy burden to the factory.

The neighbours were so generous they went without things themselves to buy food and fuel for Maisie's mother. It is wonderful what the poor will give up for the sake of those even poorer. Six days later one of them came flying up the stairs, crying excitedly:

"Maisie, here's a lady to see you!"

It was the lady who had bought the coat.

Touched by Maisie's letter, she had come at once to offer them help, and with tears in her eyes declared:

"I'm sure this wicked sweating system wouldn't be allowed to go on if people knew!"

She paid for Maisie and her mother to have a holiday, and set them up in a comfortable little flat, where Maisie's mother became a successful dressmaker. Maisie never regrets that letter she sent out into the unknown.

## Said Folly to Wisdom



Said Folly to Wisdom,  
"Pray where are we going?"  
Said Wisdom to Folly,  
"There's no way of knowing."

Said Folly to Wisdom,  
"Then what shall we do?"  
Said Wisdom to Folly,  
"I thought to ask you."





# Take a Joke as a Joke, And It Will Not Provoke.



## Dr. MERRYMAN

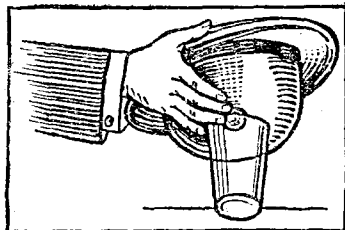
"Why do people say, 'As dead as a door nail'?" asked the simple one. "Why is a door nail any deader than a door?"

"Because it has been hit on the head, I suppose," replied the wag.

### The Mysterious Penny

This is a mystifying little trick that any boy or girl can do after five minutes' practice. You borrow a bowler hat and a glass tumbler, which can be passed round for inspection. Now borrow four pennies.

Take these in your right hand, and as you take up the hat let one coin slide down to the end of your fingers. You then place the hat



on the glass, and lodge the coin just between the crown of the hat and the rim of the glass. You will find this much more easy to manage than it appears when reading it.

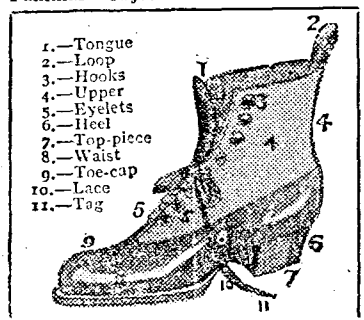
The weight of the hat will keep the coin in position. You have three coins in your hand—but the on-lookers think there are four, not knowing of the coin lodged between the glass and the hat. "Presto!" you cry, as you throw the coins into the hat. One of them mysteriously passes through the hat, the three coins falling in the hat dislodging the penny between the hat and glass, which falls into the glass with a merry little "click."

### Robert Rowley's Round Roll

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;  
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;  
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Somebody said once of Daniel Webster, the great American orator, that he was like a steam engine in trousers.

### Familiar Objects and Their Parts



These names of parts of the boot are those by which the workmen know them

### Do You Live in Devonshire?

Devonshire is the shire or district of Devon, the modern spelling of the old Welsh Dyvnaint, which means "the land of the dark ravines or deep valleys." Some authorities, however, think it is derived from the Damnonii, the name of the ancient tribe that inhabited Devon.

### Quack! Quack!

The following was sent, with a couple of ducks, to a patient by Dr. Jenner.

I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter, To say that Miss Blank is very much better; A regular doctor no longer she lacks, And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

### Nonsense

There lived an unfortunate wight Whose bark was as bad as his bight;  
"It gives me," he said,  
"A pain in my haid  
If I try to be very polight."

### Jumbled Proverbs

Each of the following lines of letters when properly arranged will form a well-known proverb:

1. AE EGGHILLMNNNOOOO-RRSSSTT.
2. LIDSEEEBOOOTTTCAA KRRRFFHHG.
3. AAADDEEFIIIMNNNOO RTTWW.
4. IIIHEEETTTTAAASHIFF CCO.
5. AADEGGHILLLLNOORSS TTTT. *Answers next week*

Tommy, who was staying at his grandfather's farm, ran into the house breathless and excited, and shouted out: "Grandmother, there's a mouse in the milk-pail!"

"Well, Tommy," replied his grandmother, "and didn't you take it out?"

"No, grandmother," said Tommy, proudly, "but I threw the cat in."

### Is Your Name Jarvis?

If it is, one of your ancestors must have lived at Jervaulx, in Yorkshire, where the famous abbey was; for Jarvis is simply a corruption of this place-name. Your forefather would be known as John or Henry of Jervaulx, then as John Jervaulx, and finally as John Jarvis, the surname he has handed down.

### There was a Young Fellow of Moscow



There was a young fellow of Moscow Who simply could not make his boss go.

The wicked old hack Threw him over its back, And smiled as it said, "See the boss go!"

### Buried Girls' Names

A girl's name is concealed in each of the following sentences:

In a day or two she will be well enough to go to school.

Tom took a teacher to see the robin's nest.

If it is real I cease my criticism at once.

The music, at her inexplicable command, at once stopped.

They asked her to tell a story to them by the firelight.

A sunset of red, a wind is ahead.

*Answers next week*

The lighthouse that stands on the Lizard

Was visited once by a wizard, Who handed the keeper

A nice carpet-sweeper, Then swept off himself in a blizzard.

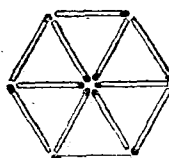
If the alphabet were invited out, what time would U, V, W, X, Y, and Z go?

After tea.

**ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE**

### A Hexagon Puzzle

The accompanying diagram shows how the six matches are added to make a hexagon containing six equal triangles.



## Brer Fox and John Bull-dog



Wily old Brer Fox invites the animals to join his Farmyard League, telling them that with him as their chief they need fear nothing



They are all very interested, when John Bull-dog appears on the scene and Brer Fox forgets all about his league



So the animals are quite content to remain under the protection of their old friend John Bull-dog

## Jacko in a Hurry

There never was such a boy as Jacko for getting into scrapes. One day the boys had a half-holiday. They all went home except Jacko! He wanted to go too, but his father was so angry at his master's report that he wrote a letter to the school, asking them to keep him at his lessons as a punishment.

"What a shame!" cried Jacko indignantly. "I'm not going to work while the others play!"

And, sure enough, directly the master's back was turned, he ran out of the school-room and into the garden. But it came on to rain, and it wasn't very jolly, so he went indoors again.

As he passed the kitchen window he caught sight of cook bending over her pastry board. She was a good-hearted creature, and Jacko looked so forlorn that she called him in and gave him one of her scrumptious jam tarts.

"Why are you such a pickle?" she asked.

"I dunno," answered Jacko; "I shan't play any pranks on you, anyhow. Give me something to do, and you'll see."

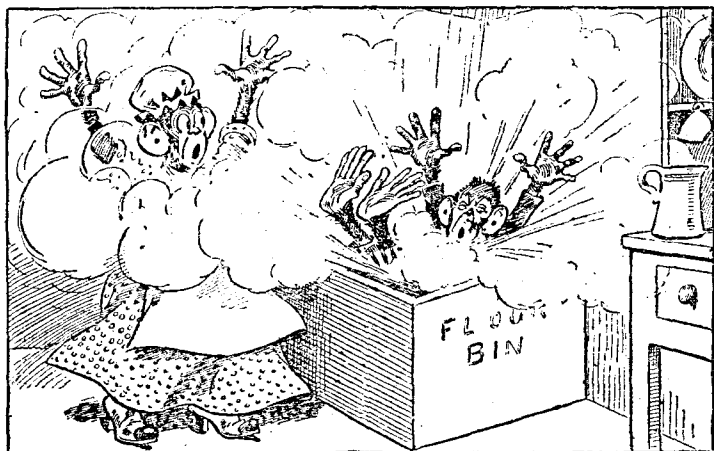
"Bless the boy!" cried cook. "Well, now, if you really want to make yourself useful, run up to the store-room and bring me down a box of groceries you will find there."

"Right you are," said Jacko, and away he ran.

Now, the store-cupboard was over the kitchen, but Jacko didn't know this. He found the box, and was slinging it cheerfully on his shoulder, when he noticed a trap-door in the floor.

"That's queer," he said to himself. "I wonder where it leads?"

He dropped the box and went down on his knees to examine it.



He found the fastening, pulled up the flap, leaned over—and fell, head first, into cook's flour barrel!

It gave poor cook the biggest shock of her life.

"Good gracious!" she cried, "what on earth—!"

"Help!" cried Jacko, from the bottom of the box; "give me a hand. I can't move."

"If you got what you deserved," spluttered cook—for the flour blew up in clouds and nearly smothered her—"it's a very heavy hand you'd get, you little wretch. Get along with you. You are the greatest torment I ever came across. I pity your poor mother, that I do!"

And she boxed his ears, and shooed him out of her kitchen.

## A Great Traveller

In the year that Napoleon went to Elba, a little boy, whose great-grandfather had fallen fighting for the Young Pretender at Culloden, was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow.

At ten he went to work in a local cotton factory, and when he took home his first half-crown, and his mother gave him part of it for pocket-money, he went off to buy a Latin grammar. This he used to take to work with him, and, fixing it up on the spinning jenny, he was able to teach himself the elements of the language by reading sentence after sentence as he passed to and fro in the course of his duties.

He worked fourteen hours a day, and then went to evening classes, and when he came home from the class he would study till midnight, although he had to be at work the next morning at six o'clock. He saved enough money from his wages as a spinner to go to Glasgow University, where he qualified as a doctor, and then went to Africa as a missionary.

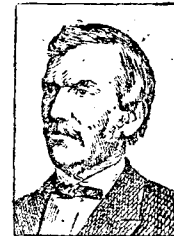
Soon after arriving he shot a lion that had been doing a deal of damage, and the dying beast sprang upon him and nearly killed him. As a result he had a crippled arm for the rest of his life.

The young man married, and on several of his journeys his wife and children accompanied him; but some years later he sent them home to Britain, and made a great journey right across Africa, which opened up the Dark Continent to civilisation, and made him for ever famous.

After an absence of sixteen years, during which he travelled 11,000 miles in Africa, he returned to England, and was honoured everywhere. He was given the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, was made a D.C.L. by Oxford University, and an LL.D. by Glasgow, and visited the Queen, after whom he had named the Great Victoria Falls on the Zambesi.

He returned to Africa in 1858, and soon after his wife died and was buried at Shupanga. He continued his explorations, and discovered Lake Nyassa, and when on another return to England the Prime Minister asked what he could do for him, the traveller unselfishly asked that a treaty should be made with Portugal making Central Africa accessible by way of the Zambesi River.

During a later journey his devoted native servants found him dead in his tent, and carefully packing up his belongings, they carried these with his body to the coast, and sent them home to Westminster Abbey. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



The Nightingale Last Week was Jenny Lind



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

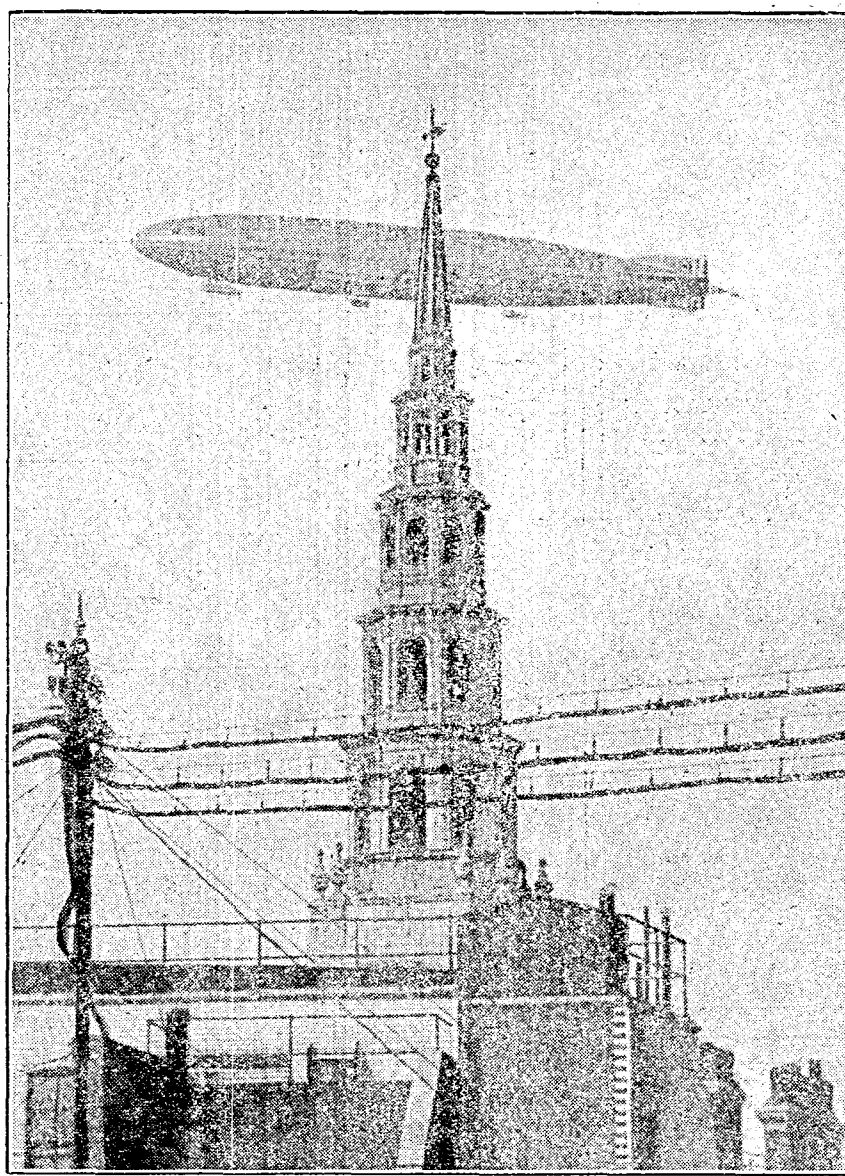
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R 34 COMES TO TOWN. LITTLE MAID FOCH KISSED. LONG TRAMP FOR FOOD



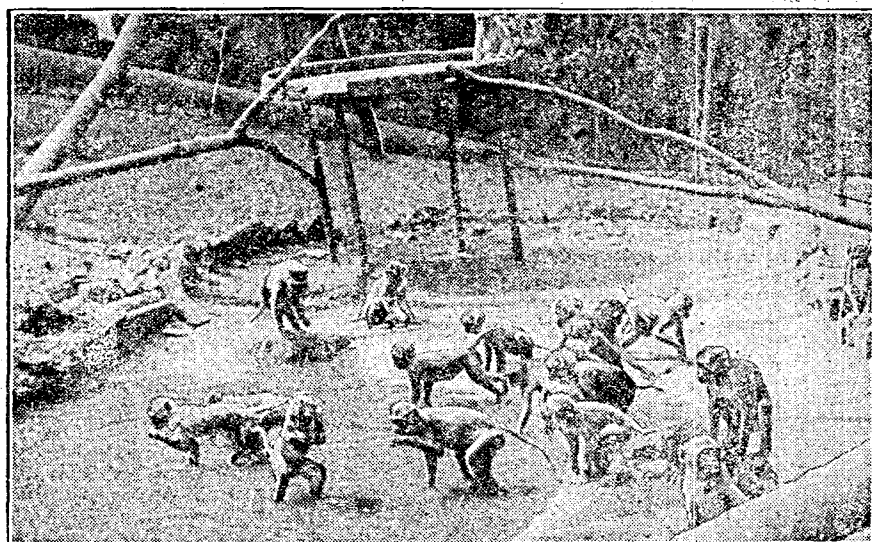
A Russian peasant who carried her baby 100 miles to get food from the British troops



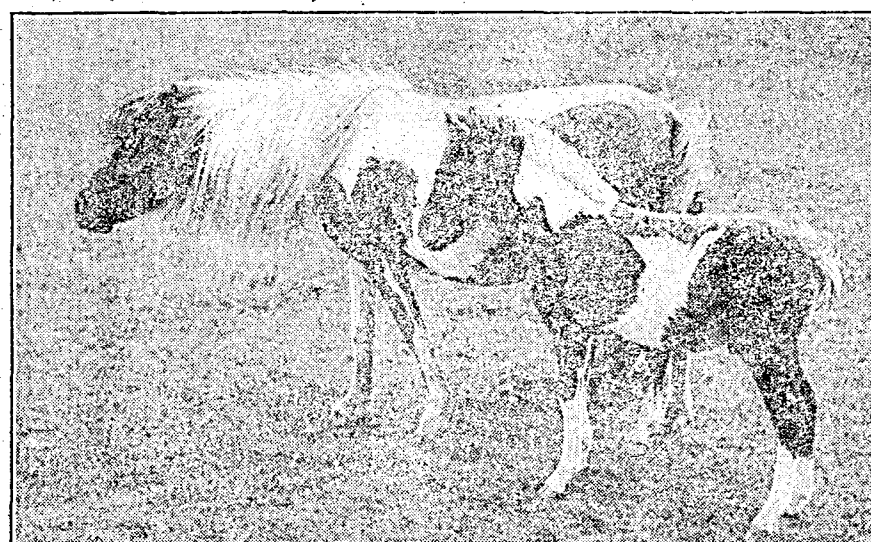
The R 34 rides over London to bid good-bye to Marshal Foch



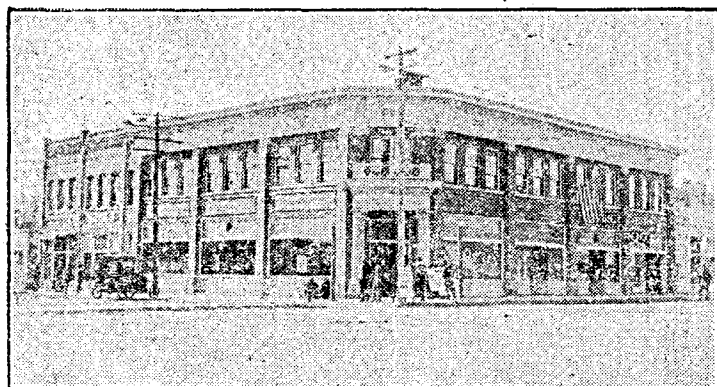
A seaside clown takes a little walk at Southport



The monkeys have a splash at the London Zoo



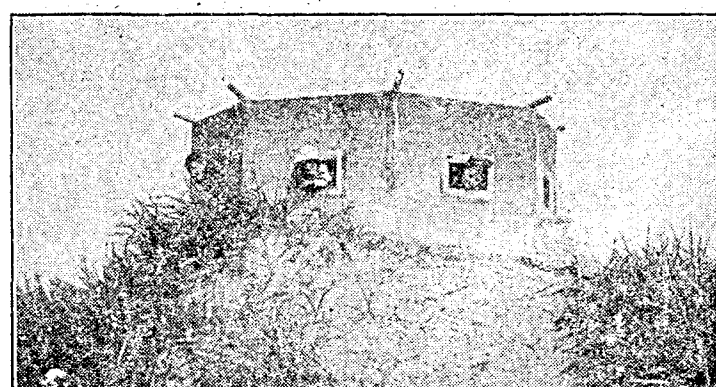
A Shetland pony that can jump higher than itself, leaping over a four-foot gate



The bank that was sent by parcels post. See story on page 2



Irene Poole, aged 3, who was picked up in the street and kissed by Foch



From pill-box to play-box. Making merry in one of the East Coast defences